

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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No. 2.

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OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

—The Rev. E. L. Houghton, of Medford, will supply at the Universalist Church, next Sunday.

—The Pleasant Street Market has all the seasonable goods, in variety. Few small towns can boast of so good a provision store.

—The reading room in the Public Library is open every afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, and in the evening from 7 to 9 o'clock.

—The young folks had fine sport on Spy Pond, last Friday and Saturday, the ice being in prime condition. Our cold snaps are of short duration.

—We shall be in our office on Saturday evening, Jan. 10, and shall be glad to receive many calls from those desiring to renew subscriptions for the Advocate.

—The public schools resumed their sessions on Monday. Rarely has a more enjoyable holiday season been granted, so far as weather was concerned.

—The officers of Arlington Lodge K. of H. will be installed next Monday evening. Every member ought to take the trouble necessary to make this meeting a grand success.

—Our ever busy and enterprising friend Mr. Charles Hutchins has issued a neat directory of Arlington Heights. It is a convenient little pamphlet, for which we thank him heartily.

—The Musical Society held its regular rehearsal, last Tuesday evening. It was well attended and thoroughly enjoyable. At intermission Miss Worth gave a contralto solo, and Miss Proctor and Mrs. Ware a piano duet.

—Special services have been held at Pleasant street Congregational church this week Monday and Wednesday evenings, when the topics announced for the "Week of Prayer" were presented by the pastor. The attendance was quite good.

—Rev. Chas. H. Watson, pastor of the Baptist church, was the recipient of a handsome New Year gift from the people of his charge, and the occasion was made still more pleasant by a call at the parsonage of those participating in the gift. Mr. Watson's faithfulness as a pastor has borne good fruits in any department of the church work.

—A pleasant Sunday school concert exercise has been arranged by Superintendent Mills, at Pleasant street Congregational church, and it will be given next Sunday evening. Services begin at 6.30 o'clock, to which all are welcome.

—Mr. Arthur Allen's illness was not blood poisoning, resulting from the care of his grand-father, Mr. Ramsdell, though the labors in his behalf doubtless had something to do with the serious sickness through which he has passed the past week.

—The annual meeting of the Adelphi Club, whose rooms are located over Mr. R. W. Shattuck's store, was held last Monday evening. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, A. Needham; Secretary, G. P. Peirce; Treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; Finance Com., A. D. Hill, W. A. Clark. The annual supper was served at the close of the meeting and proved highly enjoyable.

—Illness prevented our attending a musical entertainment at the Schwamb homestead, given by Miss Eliza Schwamb, one of Arlington's talented music teachers. It was full of enjoyment, so a friend who acted for us testifies, and the playing of her pupils reflected much credit upon Miss Schwamb. Miss Schwamb gave some numbers, showing herself to be a brilliant musician.

—Next Thursday evening a course of lectures will be commenced in the First Parish church, Rev. James Kay Applebee being the lecturer. These lectures have been highly popular in other places and are worthy a most generous support from the general public. Tickets for the course, 75 cents; single tickets 25 cents.

—The tables in the reading room of the Public Library are well supplied with entertaining and instructive literature, and a wealth of enjoyment is close at hand upon the library shelves. The conveniences and advantages of this new room ought to be appreciated by our young men, and used as largely as possible.

—The Martin-Lawry combination that gave an exhibition in the Utopia Club last Wednesday evening, was worthy a large audience, not more than the usual number present at ordinary evenings being the risk. Still, there were those who thought that the combination was a great variety of things and movements which afforded enjoyment and interest in place of the usual dancing and singing. We shall expect the same thing

have made so considerable progress the past few weeks will copy some of the steps shown on this occasion.

—The installation of the officers of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., took place Wednesday evening, in the presence of a full attendance of members, adding interest to the occasion, and the evening's pleasures closed with a supper, served in the usual pleasant manner. The following is the full roster for the ensuing term: N. G., George H. Rugg (supporters, James A. Marden, G. P. Peirce); V. G., Archibald Scale (supporters, Frank P. Winn, Charles Gott); R. S., Charles S. Richardson; P. S., George A. Sawyer; T., George Hill, Jr.; W., Daniel Higgins; C., John McMellan; S. S., Malcolm Campbell, Thomas Higgins; O. G., Ammi Hall; I. G., Charles Leonard. The trustees are Duncan Macfarlane, S. E. Windek, Wm. H. Soles, who have served the lodge in this capacity for so many years. The lodge is in a most flourishing condition in every respect, and that a term of increased prosperity may be now opening before it is our sincere hope.

—Last week we mentioned the fact that Mr. Thomas Ramsdell had been injured by a fall on the stone steps at Masonic Building, and that the injury had proved a serious one because of blood poisoning in consequence. His sickness had a fatal termination on Saturday, and the funeral was on Monday, Rev. J. P. Forbes officiating. Mr. Ramsdell was born in Lynnfield, Mass., Jan. 3, 1814, and was consequently seventy-one years old the day of his death. He came to Arlington in 1839, to learn the trade of shoemaking of Mr. Jesse Bucknam, and worked in a shop on the Teel estate, nearly opposite his homestead. After serving his time he commenced for himself in a little shop now the L. part of the building on the corner of Arlington Avenue and Grove street. After his marriage with Miss Peirce, youngest sister of Mr. Thomas P. Peirce, he removed his business to the present site, No. 10, 12, 14, and 16, which was afterwards removed to rear of Universalist church, enlarged and fitted for a dwelling; then to the corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, which building is now used as a grocery and stands next to the Arlington House. As a business man Mr. Ramsdell was uniformly successful, and he accumulated a considerable property. He retired from business some years ago, disposing of the same to Mr. L. C. Tyler, but continued to work at his trade at the same place until the wound on his arm, at first supposed to be the slightest of slight injuries, developed into a serious matter. Mr. Ramsdell was a man of sterling honesty and unswerving integrity and as such won the respect of all who knew him. His family consists of his widow, who has been in feeble health for a long time in consequence of a serious fall, last winter, Mrs. Wm. H. Allen, and Mr. Thomas H. Ramsdell, of Bedford.

—Mr. Fowle has built up a very large trade for his Wheat Meal in Maine.

—Mr. John H. Hartwell and daughter were guests at the Police ball at Cambridge, Wednesday evening.

—A new upright piano has been placed in Bethel Lodge room by Post 36 and the Relief Corps.

—The entertainment at Utopia Club Rink, next Wednesday evening, will be so entirely novel that a crowd of spectators may be expected. The particulars will be found in our advertising columns.

—A charming entertainment will be given in the Unitarian church vestry, next Wednesday evening, under direction of Mr. S. P. Prentiss, introducing a considerable number of the children. Admission is only twenty cents.

—Jesse Hutchinson was thrown out of his father's wagon, turning into Central street, Wednesday evening, and quite severely hurt, though no bones were broken. When picked up he was insensible and did not recover consciousness for some time.

—Arrangements for the second concert of the Musical Society are nearly completed and holders of associate tickets are requested to call on the committee at Swan's Block (ADVOCATE office) where Mr. Hilliard of the committee has desk room, and secure the numbers for their reserved seats. The tickets given out on this occasion will be good for the balance of the course. The concert will be given the last of this month.

—Miss Kate Field gave her lecture on Mormonism in Town Hall, Thursday evening, before an audience that filled most of the seats. On the platform with her were J. T. Trowbridge, Esq., Judge Parmenter, Rev. Dr. Mason, Rev. J. A. Forbes, Dr. Hodgdon, Jacob F. Noble, and B. Belmont Locke. Miss Field was pleasantly introduced by Mr. Trowbridge, and was warmly greeted by the audience. She explained that polygamy was an afterthought in the Mormon system, having no place there originally, and that polygamy is a branch and not a main part of the Mormon system, and that it was a mistake to hold on to the Mormon system under its existing influence.

—The annual meeting of Hancock church occurred last Friday evening. Geo. E. Muzzey was chosen clerk; W. W. Baker, treasurer; Geo. F. Chapman, deacon for two years; J. L. Norris, church committee; M. H. Merriam, L. J. Wing, B. C. Whitchee, music committee. The church has made a gain of thirteen members during the year.

—The Lexington Debating Club met at their room in Town Hall building, Tuesday evening, Mr. E. S. Emery presiding. Mr. G. H. Brown, in absence of Mr. Goodwin, acted as secretary. A committee was chosen to make arrangements for a public debate, the committee to report in one month. After the transaction of usual business, the club proceeded to the debate of the evening. Subject: "Resolved, That the method of choosing presidential elector should be changed." The debaters were, in the affirmative, A. F. Flanders, E. M. Mulliken; negative, C. A. Fowle, Jr., G. W.

Miss Field has a bright way of putting her facts so they are fastened in the minds of her hearers, and those present will in the future have no excuse for indifference or inaction when the time comes to strike a blow at this relic of barbarism. The hall would have been crowded but for the public installation of G. A. R. officers, which drew an audience of over two hundred, most of whom would otherwise have attended the lecture.

OUR REPORTER'S WORK IN LEXINGTON.

—The installation of officers of Post 119 will occur next Thursday evening.

—Hancock church sociable was again postponed, on account of "Week of Prayer."

—Rev. E. E. Atkinson, of Cambridge, will supply the Baptist pulpit, Sunday.

—The annual meeting of the Trustees of Lexington Savings Bank will be held at the Bank next Wednesday evening.

—The regular sociable of the Baptist church will be held at the residence of Dea. Whittier, next Wednesday evening.

—Mr. Hammon Reed is temporarily taking charge of his old paper at Lawrence, during the illness of his brother, the present editor.

—The annual meeting of Hancock Society occurs next Monday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. All should attend to listen to the result of the year's work.

—The insane woman spoken of elsewhere proves to be Mrs. James Buckley, of Waltham. Her husband came for her on Wednesday, but she was not able to be moved.

—Mr. J. H. Eldridge, of Ohio, has completed his refitting and furnishing the old Thurston place and has taken up his residence there. His welcome to Lexington will be a cordial one.

—Mrs. S. B. Rindge, so well known to most Lexington people, died very suddenly, of heart disease, at her home in Cambridge, last Saturday. The funeral occurred on Thursday and was numerously attended.

—Mr. Charles T. West has made a liberal distribution of the calendars, etc., furnished by the different first class insurance companies he represents. Any not supplied may give him a call, as his stock is not exhausted.

—Monday evening, about nine o'clock, while driving on Waltham street, Dr. Lawrence picked up a neatly dressed woman about fifty years of age who was in an exhausted condition. She was taken to the almshouse and cared for and was found to be insane.

—The "Week of Prayer," has been observed at Hancock church by meetings of ladies on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, and general meetings Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. The topics have been those suggested by the Evangelical Alliance.

—The "Week of Prayer" has been observed quite generally by the Baptist church with meetings at Dea. Tucker's, Mrs. Wetherbee's and at Dea. Whittier's. Thursday evening there was a meeting at the church, followed by a business meeting.

—Mr. Charles Fessenden, who died at Fitchburg, Dec. 28, was a brother of Mr. Nathan Fessenden, one of Lexington's most respected citizens. Though long absent from the town he had a lively interest in all that pertained to her welfare and kept himself posted by means of the Minute-man.

—There will be service in the chapel of Our Redeemer (Episcopal) on next Sunday, the first after Epiphany. Morning prayer, sermon and celebration of Holy Communion at 10.45 a. m. Evening prayer and instruction at 7.30 p. m. The Rev. Chas. L. Hutchins, of Medford will preach in the morning.

—The annual meeting of Hancock church occurred last Friday evening. Geo. E. Muzzey was chosen clerk; W. W. Baker, treasurer; Geo. F. Chapman, deacon for two years; J. L. Norris, church committee; M. H. Merriam, L. J. Wing, B. C. Whitchee, music committee. The church has made a gain of thirteen members during the year.

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Sampson. The debate proved to be one of the most interesting the Club has ever had. At the next meeting the question will be "Resolved,—That the jury system should be abolished." Messrs. W. W. Reed and A. S. Mitchell will discuss the affirmative; A. F. Flanders and E. M. Mulliken the negative. Mr. J. F. Hutchinson will preside at that meeting.

—While some children were sliding on the ice on the Viles estate, last Monday, one of the little girls, a daughter of Mr. Prescott, broke through and would have been drowned, had it not been for the presence of mind of little Albert Griffiths, who was one of the party. The other little ones all ran away, but this plucky little fellow caught hold of her hands and, after some tugging, succeeded in getting her out. Being only seven years old, we thought it pretty cool. It certainly was for the little girl.

—The first lecture in the second series of the Unity Club course, was given in the First Parish church, Monday evening, by A. E. Scott, Esq. He took his hearers with him as he reviewed his recent tour through the State of North Carolina, and made it extremely interesting as well as highly instructive. Mr. Scott is an easy speaker and has a clear way of drawing word pictures. The attendance was small, for some unaccountable reason.

—Examinations of schools of Lexington, will take place on the following dates:—

Warren, Jan. 14th, afternoon.
Franklin, Jan. 16, forenoon.
Bowditch, Jan. 16, afternoon.
Hancock Primary and Intermediate, Jan. 19, forenoon.
Hancock Sub-Grammar, Jan. 19, afternoon.
Howard, Jan. 20, forenoon.
Adams Primary, Jan. 20, afternoon.
Adams Grammar, Jan. 22, forenoon.
Hancock Grammar, Jan. 22, afternoon.
High School, Jan. 23.

This is the official programme announced by the committee.

—The second in the course of Sunday evening sermons will be delivered next Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, by Rev. J. B. Gilman, of Belmont. Subject: "The Authority of Jesus." All are cordially invited.

—The first of seven entertainments to be given by Unity Club will be given Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th, in the church. Mrs. Holt has charge of the programme for the evening, which will consist of instrumental and vocal music. Membership fee to the club is fifty cents, which entitles one to all of these entertainments. Single tickets 25 cents.

—It has been stated that the principal exercise of the Lexington Athletic Club was "boxing," but another prominent feature is Indian club swinging and horizontal bar exercise. The double club swinging by the instructor, H. W. Snow, and F. G. Babcock, is noticeable as a novelty on account of the perfect union of motion kept by them throughout the exercise.

—The bust of Hon. Samuel E. Sewell, recently placed in Cary Library by Mrs. Ellen A. Stone, of East Lexington, is a valuable addition. The library is something Lexington has every reason to be proud of, and it is peculiarly gratifying to know that many are interested in adding to its attractions. Want of space prevents an extended notice of the gift which will appear next week.

—Lexington Baptist church held its annual meeting on Monday evening, and chose the following officers for the year ensuing:—church clerk, Miss Ella F. Whittier; treasurer, Deacon Whittier; executive committee, S. W. Hendley, B. T. Batcheller, I. F. Whittier; prudential committee, Abbott Fessenden, J. F. Whittier, Wm. Tucker, Mrs. Wm. Tucker and Mrs. Elizabeth Wetherbee. By vote the balance in church treasury was turned over to the use of the society, and a committee was appointed to attend to the matter of paying the insurance on the church edifice.

A gentleman recently remarked that he had not attended or even believed in the influence of churches in a community. For many years, until within a short time, he had been engaged in the real estate brokerage business, and he had been surprised that only a very few who desired to hire or purchase property in any of the suburban towns would do so without making inquiry as to the religious and educational privileges,—showing that even from a pecuniary point of view, it is wise for all our little villages to maintain a living church.

We echo the sentiment of many of our people, when we say that a society will grow faster and the people manifest more interest when there is a pastor who lives in their midst. The series of Sunday evening circuit meetings which have been inaugurated by the South Middlesex Conference of Unitarians leaves our little church out in the cold because we have no minister.

WILL.

As was the tree within the blast,
Yet falleth not but grander grows,
Grasping the firm rock giantly,
And fending, hero-like, all blows;
So toils the iron will of man
Before stern fate's tempestuous stroke;
He conquers e'er if true at heart,
And, lo!—a mighty human oak!

—C. G. Blandin.

HIS GREAT FIND.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

As a scientist, Professor MacDougal stood high. He left Yale at twenty-one, went through Giessen afterward, and concluded by a course of study in the School of Mines in Paris. He was recognized abroad and at home as a man of profound learning, and at the early age of thirty was made professor of natural science at Barneville College. He came of a race of scientific notables. His grandfather, a Scotsman, had been professor at Glasgow. His father, who came to this country and married, and settled down here, though he never taught, was more distinguished, and Professor Roderick bade fair to surpass his predecessors in scientific renown.

But the close pursuit of knowledge has its penalty. The first commencement day found the professor quite broken up. Nearly six feet high, and with muscles to fit, he had been the crack oarsman at Yale, and at the head of the first class of the Turn Verein at Giessen. Now he had grown lean, weak and listless. His colleagues viewed his state with alarm. One of them, also a skillful physician, gave him a prescription. "Mac," he said, "you have worked wonders for us during the course, but at your own expense. Go to the country. Get away from books entirely. You have three months of vacation. Use it up by absence from ink of all kinds, or you will be used up."

The professor thought on it. "I ought to devote the vacation to my treatise on the Gryllidae," he said. "But perhaps you are right. Up in Mountain county there is a gneiss formation, permeated by veins of coarse granite that must be rich in minerals. It has been little explored, and I may make a great find there, and get a specimen or so that I shall be proud to show to my friends."

So the professor bought a coarse gray suit, packed his valise, added a leather satchel and belt, with hammer, chisel, and blow-pipe, and started for Mountain county. On the cars he fell in with an old friend, who happened to know all about his place of destination. He was told to get off at Firwood station, where he would find a stage-coach to take him to Rockborough, the county town. The inns there were execrable, and he was advised to seek boarding in a farm-house.

"Can you recommend one?" asked the Professor.

"They are about the same kind," was the reply, "clean, coarse, and with no chamber window that will let down from the top. The natives have a horror of letting foul air out or fresh air in. There is one exception: old Squire Martyns has a nice house, and lives well. His maiden sister is his housekeeper. He has a very pretty daughter; but she is off at boarding-school. The squire takes boarders only now and then—he is rich—and only for company. If he likes you, and his sister should like you, he'll let you stay. He lives three miles east of Rockborough, and any one can pilot you."

"Thank you. I'll try him," said the professor, "I must tell you, however," resumed his informant, "that the squire is a character. He is a fairly educated man, and as you say you are a mineral-hunter, he can help you, for he has a collection, and knows the localities. But he'll cost you in the vernacular of the region, and keep it up until he gets to know you."

Thus it was that one afternoon early in July, Professor Roderick MacDougal was carried in a hired wagon from Rockborough to Martyns' Nest, as the farm was called. The farmhouse, standing upon rising ground a short distance from the high-road, was half hidden by wisterias and creepers that draped the wide veranda and climbed the brick walls to the eaves of the gambrel roof. There was an attempt at a lawn, with beds of gay-colored flowers. The place looked comfortable and home-like. The man who sat on the veranda, with his chair tilted back, his shirt collar unbuttoned, and a cob pipe in his mouth, looked at home too. Why not? He was the owner. He brought his chair forward and arose as the professor came up the steps.

"Squire Martyns, I presume," said the professor, blandly.

"That's what they call me. Is it book or lightning-rod?"

"Neither," replied the professor, smiling. "My name is MacDougal, and I have been advised to try the hill air for a time. I called to request you to accommodate me with board for a few weeks."

"May I ask what you do for a living?"

"I am a professor in Barneville College."

"You ain't one of them snake-catchers an' bug-hunters?"

"I know something about reptiles and insects, but I expect to amuse myself by collecting the minerals and plants of the region."

"Stuns, eh! There ain't been a stunner in these parts nor sense the time of the Jollylogical Survey, an' there's right smart of queer stuns here yet. Plants, eh! That would suit my Hetty, if she was to home, for she's got lots of 'em upstairs in books—Lucy Ann!"

A tall, neatly dressed old lady came to the door, and said, "Well!"

"Can we make room for a stunner?"

Lucy Ann surveyed the professor, who smiled at the scrutiny, and then said, "There's plenty of room; but if this gentleman be hunting minerals, there'll be a nice pair to clutter us up."

And with a laugh she retreated.

"Approved by the higher powers," said the Squire, laughing. "Who brought you over? I see now: John Adkins. John, bring in the professor's things. Sit down and rest yourself. There will be no difficulty about terms, I think."

The professor soon found that his informant had been right. He had come to the best place. He was assigned a neat and pleasant chamber opening upon

a flower garden, at one end of which were several hives of bees, which made a pleasant humming, while the odors from beds of fragrant herbs smote pleasantly on the nostrils. From the windows he had a fine view of mist-covered ridges in the distance, over a long stretch of undulating valley, dotted with fields of grain, patches of woodland, farm-houses, and out-buildings, and herds of kine grazing in their pastures. When supper-time came he found the comforts of the inn as would be well cared for. Whether Miss Lucy Ann Martyns or the plump hired girl who brought in the dishes and waited on the table were the cook, it was evident there was somebody about who could cook. Scientist as he was, the professor liked to eat. But it was not good cookery the sum of science?

The next morning early the professor arose, and brought down his belt and satchel, prepared for an exploring expedition. To his delight he found his host overhauling a similar equipment.

"You sha'n't have the best things without sharing," said the squire. "I shall give you my time for to-day, and after that you can paddle your own canoe. You won't find any cornucopia, which used to be abundant. I bagged all that long ago, and made a pretty penny out of it. But you'll not lack specimens. I saved a lot of duplicate crystals, and you can pick and choose from them at your leisure."

They made a day of it, and the professor came home at night with his sack full and his pockets crammed. After that he went alone, and explored the neighborhood thoroughly.

A week passed on, and the professor heard of a quarry fifteen miles off, which abounded in kyanite and black tourmaline. So he walked there to be absent for two days.

It did not turn out as well as he expected, and he started to walk back next day. About noon he was within a mile of Martyns' Nest, and crossed a field to cut short a turn in the road, when he heard a female voice crying for help. He looked up and saw a young and pretty girl mounted on the top of a hay-stack, and making frantic signals for assistance. He got over the fence to see the cause of these extraordinary motions, when a vicious looking bull pranced around from the other side of the stack. The professor got back again. He comprehended the situation.

"Keep where you are," he cried, "until I drive the bull off!"

It was superfluous advice, and his purpose not easily carried out. He threw stones at the bull; but he was not to be diverted from his object. The animal would prance forward, bellow and then resume guard over the stack.

Then a bright idea struck the professor. Linen handkerchiefs are inconvenient for travelers, and for mineralogists in particular, for they are bad for use as sacks when satchel and pockets are full. He had provided himself with stout silken bandanas, and had one in his pocket. As Alexander Dumas would describe the affair:

It was of a bright red.

He drew it from his pocket.

He waved it frantically.

The bull saw it, and made a dash for the offensive thing.

"Run, young lady!" cried the professor from the safe side of his fence.

The girl ran, and got safely over the fence on the other side.

As in duty bound, the professor went around, leaving the bull to his chagrin, and joining the girl, inquired if she were hurt.

"Not at all, sir," she answered, "but very much obliged to you for your assistance."

She seemed to be going the same way with himself, so the professor, who, though not "a marrying man," as the saying goes, was gallant, entered into conversation with her. They drifted from the weather and the scenery into books and current events, and he was astonished to find how much the bright little lady knew. Who could she be? Some visitor, doubtless. Though plainly dressed, she had the air and manner that showed her not of the type of the neighborhood. He began to skirish to find out, when she broke into a light rippling laugh.

"I beg your pardon, 'sir," she said, "but I think I know you. You are Professor MacDougal, are you not?"

He nodded assent, still more mystified.

"We used your work on botany as a text book at St. Sebastian's; but you'll excuse me for saying that I always thought you to be an old gentleman. I only got home from the school last evening, and I was returning from a visit to a neighbor when that cross bull made me climb the haystack. I am Hester Martyns."

The acquaintance thus made, the two grew quite familiar by the time they reached the Nest, where Hetty told of the adventure, and the professor declared that he would put the bandana in lavender as a souvenir of the method he had employed to trick the bull.

That evening there was a visitor at Martyns' Nest. Mr. Jotham Jones, a wealthy young farmer of the neighborhood, made his appearance. Jotham was the champion athlete of that section, and could outjump, outlift, and outwrestle any one in those parts. Lord of many acres and herds of kine, he had great confidence in himself, and swaggered around out of doors. That night he sat almost tongue tied, using little more than monosyllables. The professor, though he did not know that Jotham had known Hetty since she was a child, and always admired her, concluded that it was a case of courting, and so discreetly left the room and went to his chamber, where he labelled and packed his specimens. The squire, however, remained, which was a sure sign that he did not regard the suitor with special favor.

From that time forth Jotham came quite often. The professor, who saw a deal of Hetty, and who, having turned his attention to plants, got from her the location of scarce varieties, took a special interest in the result of this siege. "I have a pity for Hetty," he said to himself. "She is really a charming girl, and fit for any position in life; but it will end by her marrying this coarse cloud."

The more he saw of Jotham, the less he liked Hetty's prospects. And then he began to discover by unmistakable signs that Jotham did not like him. Jotham glared at the professor when they met, and spoke of him among his

associates as a "stone-cracker" and a "crank"—the last word being always applied by fools to any one they think to possess brains. The lover did not let his hate for the stranger interfere with his siege of the maiden. At all the picnics and rural festivities he followed Hetty like her shadow. She gave no tokens of dislike at this, and every one, even the professor, thought it would eventually be a match. Why not? Jotham was even richer than the squire. There was nothing between the farms but a narrow patch of land, which was in the market. That bought by either, and the combined Jones and Martyns places would cover nearly two thousand acres of the best land in the county. The very proximity suggested a matrimonial alliance.

The time of vacation had nearly slipped away, when there was a merry-making on the farm. The Martynses had always given an old-fashioned harvest-home to their neighbors after the main crops were gathered in, and Henry Martyns was not a man to slight the custom of his forefathers. Aunt Lucy Ann's resources of larder and kitchen were taxed to their utmost. The neighbors, young and old, were all there. The feast was held in the great barn, and after it was all over the threshing door was cleared, a fiddler installed in state upon a stool, and dancing began, while at a little distance off, on a patch of greensward, a party of young men jumped, ran, and practiced all kinds of muscular fun. The professor had been a great dancer in his student days, and though he had not stooped to anything so light while holding a chair at college, felt it his duty to ask the daughter of his host to open the hop with him. Just as she had consented, Jotham came up with a similar request.

"I have promised the first set to Professor McDougal," said Hetty, "but the next is at your service, Mr. Jones; and he had to be content with that. He saw the professor dance in earnest, not walking through, but falling into the spirit of the occasion, pirouetting, pigeon-winging, and heel-and-toeing in the rustic style, to the admiration of the spectators and the chagrin of Jotham, to whom it was gall and wormwood.

When Jotham's turn came, the professor watched in turn, and when it was over, and Hetty seated, and Jotham bent over her and talking earnestly, the professor felt an uncomfortable sensation for which he could not account, and went and joined the young men on the green. There he found the old squire looking on.

"Ever do anything of this kind?" asked Mr. Martyns.

"Sometimes in my under-graduate days," said the professor.

But he took no interest in their sport, and soon went back to the barn. Hetty was not on the floor. She was still seated, with Jotham at her side. He was talking eagerly, and she was blushing while her fingers picked nervously at her dress.

"I would like to take that fellow down a peg," said the professor, viciously, and then walked back and rejoined the squire. He stood irresolutely, and made vague and inapt replies to his companion's remarks. Suddenly the cry arose:

"Here comes Jones! Now you'll see jumping!"

Jotham dashed in among them excitedly, looked at the heel marks of the others, and took off his coat. He was very much agitated. But seeing the professor, he gave him a savage look, and going to the starting-point, made a great leap, and landed a foot farther than any of the rest.

"There!" he said. "I'd like to see any dude stone-cracker beat that."

This drew all eyes on the professor, who walked forward, looked at the distance, and calmly handed his coat to the squire. Then he jumped fully eighteen inches farther than Jotham. The latter did not like the storm of applause which greeted the feat. He determined to show his supremacy in another way. So he said, in an offensive tone:

"You're good at the jump, Stone-cracker. How are you at the rattle?"

Squire Martyns frowned, but before he could utter a rebuke, the professor replied, quietly:

"I did not come into the mountains to show myself off, Mr. Jones; but as this is a gathering of neighbors, I have no objection to trying a friendly fall with you. Only, as I am out of practice, you must be light on me."

Thus saying, the Professor divested himself of waistcoat and cravat. The crowd eagerly formed a ring, and the two antagonists stood facing each other, Jotham lowering and malicious, the other calm and indifferent. A few feints and they locked. Jotham was thickest and sturdy; the other 'supple as an eel. A struggle, and then—so quickly that no one could see how it was done—the two went down together. Jotham on the broad of his back, and the professor upon his back. The latter sprang to his feet, but Jotham lay there for a minute incapable of motion. When he arose he was in no condition to renew the contest.

"Professor," said the squire, as they walked toward the barn, "would you like to be a member of Congress?"

"I think not," said the professor. "I have no taste for politics. Why?"

"Because if you'll settle down here, and sail half a dozen bullies, as you have Jotham Jones, you'll go in by a large majority."

It was evident that MacDougal's strength was restored, and his appearance showed him to be in good health; but his spirits were depressed. During the few more days he remained he made no more mineralogical or botanical excursions, but lingered around the house. Hetty avoided him, and if they met was shy.

"She resents the humiliation of her lover," he thought. "And there is nothing in common between them. She is beauty, grace, animation, and intelligence; and he—Well, it can't be helped."

The day of parting came. The professor bade good-bye to the squire and his sister, and was invited to pay them another visit. "I have charged a price this time. It is my way to avoid an influx of strangers. But when you come, you come as my welcome guest. We all like you."

"Thank you. The liking is mutual. Where is Miss Hetty?"

"She went over to Joyce's."

"Bids her good-bye for me. My valise has gone on to Rockborough, and I shall

walk over." And with a renewed hand-shaking the professor left.

He soon came to the fence where he had cajoled the bull with the handkerchief trick. "There is the hay-stack," he said. "How pretty he looked!" And he crossed the fence and walked toward the stack. A girl sat, with her face bowed in her hands, on some loose hay by the stack.

"Why, Miss Hetty!" said the professor. The girl started, sprang to her feet, and looked at him wildly. He noticed the tears on her cheeks.

"Why, Hetty!" he exclaimed; "what is the trouble?" He took her hand, but she made no reply. "My dear child," he continued, "tell me if I can aid you. I know that it is to Mr. Jones you would naturally go, but I am your friend, and—"

"I detest Jotham Jones!" exclaimed Hetty, withdrawing her hand.

A light seemed to come to the professor.

"Hetty, darling," he said, taking her hand again, "do you detest me?"

The professor came home jubilant. Every one noticed how well he looked. He displayed the contents of his boxes to his colleagues.

"Very good specimens indeed," said Dr. Brainard, "but not such a great find."

"There is something finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain county. I'll have it here at the beginning of the new year."

The professor went off during the holidays. He telegraphed back the hour of his return, and on his arrival his colleagues, with their wives, went there to meet him. He had a lady on his arm. They gathered around to welcome him back.

"My good friends," said he, "I told you I would bring home my best specimen. I did not bring it in my satchel. I do not intend to put it on a shelf. Let me present you to Mrs. Hester MacDougal, the greatest find of my life."—*Harper's Bazar.*

How the False Prophet Works Miracles.

The "Mahdi," is a very able, cunning man in all he does. He has had a building erected into which he retires to pray, and where he sometimes receives and speaks to his followers. Here he tells his devotees he converses with the "El Hadra," or "Holy Presence," from whom he receives instruction, direction, and advice on all matters. The credulous Arabs squat around outside this building in hundreds all day long, and when the Mahdi appears beg to be shown the "Presence," that they may die happy.

"Oh, Prophet," they cry, "show us the El Hadra." With grave face Mahomed Achmed turns to some one and answers, "Wallah! that is a very serious and difficult task you seek to impose on me." He is invariably polite, and always calls every one "Ya! Sidi" (sir). If in a complaisant mood the Mahdi pretends to yield to their requests; he invites them into his sanctuary, which is bare of furniture save a few carpets, skis and mats, a brass bowl and brass tray. He then bids them search the apartment to see if there is any one or anything beyond what meets their eyes concealed therein.

Their answer usually is, "What need to search, oh, Prophet? There is nothing here." "Then leave me a little, whilst I pray," replies the Mahdi, "and perhaps the Spirit may grant your request." Meligly said, when the "Prophet" was left alone, he (the Mahdi) waited a little, then, lifting the brass tray, which had coffee-cups standing on it, he poured a vessel of water into the bowl, replacing the tray on the top, but not so as to be resting on the bowl, for the tray was held an inch or two above the bowl either by big pieces of loaf sugar or calcined lime.

The water at once began to act upon whichever of these substances he employed, but before it had time to disintegrate them the people were readmitted into the apartment, where all appeared as they had seen it a minute before. They were soon alarmed and terrified by seeing the tray move, and hearing the cups and dishes rattle. Sometimes a little smoke or steam accompanied these demonstrations but on every occasion on which the ignorant Arabs and negroes witnessed them they shouted "It is the Presence," and, falling down with their foreheads pressed to the ground, remained in pious prayer until the Mahdi bade them leave him. Another plan he has for enlisting adherents is to covertly prepare a pit or hole in the ground, in which he sets matches and gunpowder. Haranguing the wholly savage tribes who flock to hear and see him, he tells them they have nothing to fear from Turk or infidel. If necessary, fire even could be sent to consume all their enemies, so that they would not need to lift their hands against them. Then, to show his power, the Mahdi drives his spear into the ground, selecting the spot prepared, and fire and smoke follow the blow. He tells them the fire will be confined, so as not to then and there burn them. Afterward his confederates come to his aid and remove the traces of the prepared stage effect.—*London Telegraph.*

J. Wilkes Booth's Body.

In reply to an inquirer last Sunday concerning the disposition of J. Wilkes Booth's body, the *Courier-Journal* was in error," said General Dan Macaulay to a reporter.

"On what point was the answer wrong?"

"In the statement that the body was taken out on the ocean and thrown overboard. I know that a great many stories have been told on that subject, and I also know that all of them are groundless."

"How did you obtain your information?"

"From his immediate family. Immediately after his death his remains were buried in the navy yard at Washington, where they remained a year or two, during all of which time a sentinel stood guard over them. After the excitement passed away, and his death was in a measure forgotten, the family were permitted to remove the body, and it was taken to the family burying ground, on the old Junius Brutus Booth farm, a few miles from Baltimore. One of the family related the incident of the reinterment to me, and told that the coffin was opened in order that there might be no uncertainty about the matter, and the features were identified."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

M. Combe d'Alma, member of the agricultural society of La Gironde, has succeeded in producing illuminating gas by the distillation of the sea pine.

Crocodiles are the only reptiles whose nostrils point in the throat behind the palate, instead of directly into the mouth cavity. This enables the crocodile to drown its victim without drowning itself, for by keeping its snout above the water it can breathe while its mouth is wide open.

Paper from the yucca, a hairy plant found in Arizona, New Mexico and Lower California, is becoming popular in Great Britain. It is readily bleached, and has a fibre almost as strong as hemp. It can be manufactured at about the same cost as paper made from mixed cotton and linen rags.

M. Charcot describes a hysterical patient who slept uninterrupted for fifty-four days. The noise of a gong beating violently at her bedside was unperceived, yet she was able to eat and drink, and all the functions connected with nutrition were performed without difficulty. The awakening was spontaneous, and found the patient in good health. She did not know that she had been unconscious for nearly eight weeks.

Experiments indicate that the effect of light upon plant tissues without chlorophyll, such as roots, rhizome, blanched plants, and some parasitic plants, is to decrease the intensity of the respiration, more carbonic acid being given off and oxygen absorbed in darkness than in light. The amount of oxygen absorbed is, however, in the same proportion to the carbonic acid given off in light as in darkness.

The use of fire in the preparation of food is peculiar to man, who has been called the "cooking animal." A few of the strictly herbivorous and carnivorous animals have shown a capacity for changing their diet. Thus, the horse and cow may be brought to eat fish and flesh; the sea birds can be habituated to grain; cats are fond of alligator pears, and dogs take naturally to plantain. Certain animals, in passing from the young to the mature state, make a remarkable change of food; thus the tadpole feeds upon vegetable matter, but when it becomes a frog it lives on insects.

It is now believed, says the *Current*, that the denudations of the land do not cover the sea floor further than 800 miles seaward. These deposits are four miles deep in places. Far at sea its surface is covered with very small "shell animals." There is a patch of them in the North Atlantic 1,300 miles long and several hundred miles wide. Their shells finally sink to the bottom and form chalk. In the great abysses of the ocean, however, these shells dissolve before they reach the bottom. Here the only addition to the sea floor is made of wrecks, iceberg washings, dust carried by the wind, pumice from volcanoes, and meteoric stones. The pumice has floated till it became waterlogged. The color of the deep sea floor is red. The accretion is infinitely slow.

The Coca Leaf.

The *Youth's Companion* says: Some time ago we gave our readers a brief sketch of the wonderful power of coca leaves, when chewed like tobacco, to arrest the waste of the system and to keep up its nervous tone and vigor. Dr. Smith, in his "Peru as it is," says: "When used in moderate quantities it increases nervous energy, enlivens the spirits and enables the Indians to bear cold, wet, great bodily exertion and want of food to a surprising degree with apparent ease and impunity."

In 1850 two men buried in a mine eleven days were kept alive by the small amount of coca they had with them. The natives of Peru make a three days' journey over the mountains with no other support, and reach their destination without exhaustion.

The recent discovery that the most difficult surgical operations can be performed on the eye without causing pain, by simply dropping in it a little solution of the active principle of the coca, has given it new interest, and we add the following, gathered from the *New York Medical Record*:

"The leaves resemble those of the tea-plant, and in fact, the active principles—the alkaloids, as they are termed—are essentially the same. The trees grow wild in the mountains of Peru and Bolivia, and is also cultivated in high latitudes. In 1864 the annual product was valued at two and one-half millions of dollars. The leaves are worth in Peru seventy-five cents a pound. They have been used by natives from a remote antiquity. The high esteem in which they were held is seen from the fact that they were among the offerings to their gods, and it was believed that the latter would not be propitious unless the priests chewed the leaves during the ceremonies. It is estimated that thirty million pounds are now annually consumed by eight millions of people, each using two or three ounces a day. It is about twenty-five years since the discovery of active principle (the alkaloid) and of the properties of the latter. Its present name, cocaine (pronounced cocaine), was then given it. It crystallizes in four to six-sided prisms. It unites with acids to form various salts. The salt now used to deaden sensibility is the muriate of cocaine. Like all the alkaloids, it is a poison in large doses, the symptoms being cerebral excitement, complete paralysis of sensibility, tetanic (fixed) spasm, and death. It is thought that theine (the alkaloid of tea) may have the same anesthetic properties, and be substituted for it. Caffeine—the alkaloid of coffee—is also radically the same."

Alleged Cure for Drunkenness.

It is alleged by one who has been cured of a consuming taste for alcoholic stimulant that a half ounce of ground quassia steeped in a pint of vinegar, a small teaspoonful of the decoction to be drunk in a little water every time the thirst comes on, affords a certain cure. In a few days the liquor craving will have entirely disappeared. This is cheap, simple, and a harmless remedy for a very serious and expensive passion.—*Chicago Tribune.*

At a territorial fair in the Northwest an Indian sent a war bonnet fringed with human scalp as a specimen of his skill. He got the first prize in that line.

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Points on Poultry Keeping.

Fowls are never properly fed unless they are fed regularly. They look forward to meal time, as any one may see who notes their actions, and are restless and discontented if they do not receive their expected rations, just as their attendant would be if similarly treated. The laying of soft-shelled eggs sometimes result from over-feeding and sometimes from a deficiency of shell-forming material. The necessary lime may be supplied in several ways. Bone meal or ground oyster shells can generally be had, and in their absence keep a supply of old mortar where the hens may help themselves. The *Tribune and Farmer* says that over-feeding will be as ineffectual as not giving enough, for a hen that is fat will seldom ever lay well. Mashed potatoes mixed with scalded corn meal, or buckwheat flour fed hot, is excellent. They should have fresh meat if possible twice a day in some form; either lard scraps, offal from the butchers, or wild game, such as rabbits, squirrels, etc. The more of this kind of food given, the greater number of eggs will be secured, beside hens will never eat their eggs when furnished with all the fresh meat they want. Meats that have been cooked and highly seasoned should not be given.

Pure water furnished daily is also very important, for they will not do well without it. A lump of lime dropped into the water is highly recommended by some.

The hen house will require a supply of boxes nailed around the side walls containing straw and nests, and in each an artificial egg to prevent loss by freezing. Many think that when hens are confined in a room a nest egg is not required, but any person seeing the discontent of a fowl when ready to make her deposit, wandering from place to place in search of an egg to sit upon, will be convinced of the importance of supplying it.

The *Farmers' Review* expresses the opinion that the most profitable egg producers are early hatched spring chickens, which begin to lay in the fall, and if furnished with warm quarters and proper food, will produce eggs quite freely through the entire winter. But it is not wise to reduce the flock in the fall wholly to spring pullets, since hens a year or two old make more reliable setters and mothers, and a sufficient number should be kept for this purpose.

Green food is fully as essential for poultry in winter as in summer, says the *American Agriculturist*. Their confinement to dry food during the continuance of cold weather goes far to account for the scarcity of eggs at that season of the year. Fresh winter eggs are always in demand and bring a good price in every market. Hens, like cows, should be producers as well as consumers during the cold months of winter. Farmers, as well as fanciers, should have a supply of green food safely stored away for the winter use of the poultry. Fowls are not very particular as to the kind, they readily eat celery, tops of onions, turnips, etc.; lettuce, cabbage, and apples also are relished. If such supplies have to be purchased, it is cheaper to buy one or two hundred heads of cabbages of second quality, which can be had at a low figure in autumn or early in the season. These should be delivered with their roots, and buried up to the head in sand in the cellar. Hang a head in some convenient place in the house where the fowls can pick at it.

Farm and Garden Notes.

A fair ration of turnips for a full-grown cow or for ten sheep is a peck per day.

For sheep it seldom pays to grind corn. For young stock grain may often be profitably cooked. Potatoes may often be cooked and fed to young stock to advantage.

The man who led the first emigrants across the plains to California, in 1849, died recently at the age of eighty. He was worth \$3,000,000, made by raising cattle in that State.

Milk, either fresh or sour, buttermilk, skimmed milk, mixed with meal, or in any other form, is just the thing for fowls. It will pay better to give waste milk to fowls than to pigs.

Oat-meal and wheat-bran is one of the best of rations for milk cows; but the *Rural New Yorker* thinks that a still better ration is made of new process oil-meal, bran, corn-meal, and a liberal supply of yellow globe mangels.

Professor William Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural college, has repeatedly declared that peas form a cheaper and better food than does corn for stock. Others who have experience assert the same, yet very few peas have ever been fed in the United States.

The *American Dairyman* says there is one point that should be deeply impressed upon the dairyman's mind, and that is, if he wants to make a first-class article of butter he must churn often. Never let the cream get over three days old, no matter how cold it may be kept. If cold, it will get old, flat and frisky. If sour, the whey will eat up the best butter globules. Churn as often as you can.

One of the special recommendations of raspberries and blackberries is that they are so easily propagated and will take care of themselves and multiply to any extent desired. One hour's work in taking up a few patches of the shoots—and clearing of the canes—a foot square and placing them at some fertile fence corners, will presently supply all the berries that you will care to pick for the family. Try it.

As a rule farmers should save what pumpkin seed they need, and from the largest and heaviest specimens. There is a great deal of difference in the quality of pumpkins. Seed from the stores is very often from inferior specimens. Some farmers have been stuck this year with pumpkin seed that only produces specimens about as large as a two-quart pail, while better seed on the same land quadruples the size and value.

Root crops, which often demand the use of the hoe, cause the land to be kept very clean, thus destroying weeds. It is best to put down such crops occasionally for that purpose, as they are important in a proper system of rotation, and also cause remunerative crops as compared with other kinds. A crop that assists in destroying weeds never labor the follow-

ing year, and is, therefore, more valuable than may be supposed in some respects.

The fault of the wind-mill is its makers try to do too much for too little money, and the result is unsatisfactory to all parties. I apprehend the farm wind-mill of the future will do something more than pump water. When the problem of the storage of electricity has been solved more completely, then it will perhaps not only pump water and do other familiar jobs, but furnish the material for electrical lighting. —*Country Gentleman*.

It is a misfortune to have a cow thin in flesh when she is about to calve. Her milk all the season will be less in quantity and poorer in quality than it would be if she were in moderately good flesh. Excess of fat is not desirable, mainly because it shows a tendency for food to go to building up of flesh rather than the making of milk and butter. But a good cow that will calve toward spring will be all the better for liberal feeding through the winter.

Household Recipes and Hints.

An appetizing sauce to serve with roast beef is made of one tablespoonful of grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix them thoroughly together.

Delicious filling for a pie is made by stewing some prunes until they are very soft, and remove the stones, sweeten to your taste, and add, for one pie, the well beaten whites of two eggs, beat with the prunes until thoroughly mixed. Bake with two crusts, or, if you can get it, use whipped cream in place of the upper crust.

When roasting lamb or fowls, if you do not like the flavor given by thin slices of salt pork or of bacon, which are usually put over them, take some hard butter, roll it in flour, and separate it into small lumps and lay here and there on the meat. This will give richness and flavor to the liquid with which you baste them.

Here is a new way to make a rice pudding: Wash a small teaspoonful of rice in cold water; then put it into a quart of cold milk; add salt and sugar and vanilla to your taste, and a small lump of butter. Put this into the oven two hours before it is to be eaten; stir it occasionally. Follow these directions carefully, however skeptical you may be, and you will be pleased with the result.

One of the most appetizing ways to warm over cold fowls, particularly ducks or fowls with brownish meat, is to cut them into pieces, and let them simmer in gravy. Take a part of a head of red cabbage, cut it in the thinnest and smallest pieces you can without chopping it, wash it and drain it and fry it in fat; this may be part butter and part dripping or even lard; season with salt and pepper. When it is done, spread it out on a platter, moisten with vinegar and lay the pieces of fowl upon it.

A pretty ornament for the wall is made by cutting a fan out of very stiff paste-board, cover half of it with plush or velvet—put this on plain—on the other half put folds of satin, lengthwise, to imitate the folds of a half-open fan. Around the edge put a narrow band of swan's down, at the top or handle put a bow, and a cord and tassels. In the center of the fan put an oval or round Christmas card; it should be unfrired. One made of pink plush or satin was handsome—one less delicate and likely to become easily soiled was of wine-colored plush and satin.

Potato omelet for tea is an agreeable dish, and the flavor may be varied so that it will seem like a new dish even if it appears on the table frequently. To a large cupful of mashed potatoes allow three eggs, you may add four or five, but three will do nicely; the yolks and whites should be beaten separately as they will be so much lighter in that case; a teaspoon even full of salt, half a teaspoonful of milk, and a very little sifted flour, not more than a heaping teaspoonful, complete the ingredients, with the exception of the flavoring. Parsley chopped very fine may be used, or lemon juice, with a little black pepper, and an audacious cook may add a "trace," as the chemists say, of nutmeg. Heat and grease a large saucepan and pour the mixture into it. Brown it lightly and serve hot.

The glass stopper to a bottle often becomes so firmly fixed that it resists all ordinary efforts to remove it. Apothecaries, who handle such bottles daily, often acquire skill in starting the fixed corks. A sudden tap with a hard stick or knife handle will often allow the stopper to be readily taken out. If this has been put in place while the bottle is somewhat warm, the neck of the bottle will contract and hold it very fast. If the neck of the bottle be surrounded by cloth wet with hot water, the glass will usually expand and allow the stopper to be taken out with ease. The most difficult cases are where the liquid in the bottle is of such a kind that it may form a sort of cement between the cork and the socket. Place such a bottle stopper downward in a saucepan containing water. Let the whole soak for some hours; then place the saucepan on the stove and heat the water gradually. Try the stopper from time to time; usually it may be removed long before the water is hot enough to boil. By this method we have rarely failed to remove glass corks that resisted all other means.

The Oyster Has them All.

There is a man in Michigan who has an income of \$200,000 a year who has been telling somebody what he knows about happiness. "There are only three real substantial things that you can get out of life," he says, "and the man who has those at the required intervals is as well off as the richest. The three realities are a full stomach, a good suit of clothes, and a bed to sleep in." According to this gentleman an oyster must be as well off as he is. That delightful bivalve usually has a full stomach, a suit of clothes adapted to his residence, and a most comfortable bed to sleep in. The oyster idea of existence, however, is not attractive to everybody. There are people who still think that there are realities in life beyond food and clothes and sleep. —*Ledger*.

The total production of cigars in this country, as estimated by one of the largest manufacturers, is about 3,000,000,000 a year.

PACIFIC COAST PEARLS.

FISHING FOR THEM IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

A Source of Great Wealth—A Company and Its Profits—How the Pearls are Found.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that about one hundred years ago, Juan Ocho first called attention to the vast source of wealth concealed in the mud which lay at the bottom of the waves of the Gulf of California adjacent to the eastern coast of Lower California. He discovered there immense beds of the pearl oyster and realized great wealth. He fished principally for the black shell (*Conchanka*), which is found in great quantities from San Sebastian Bay to the mouth of the Rio Colorado. After his death the industry was followed in a desultory fashion until about 1859. From that time until 1872 it was pursued in a more systematic manner, the trade, however, being practically monopolized by the agents of wealthy European houses, who established themselves on the lower peninsula, and purchased the pearls and shell on the ground as soon as removed from the water. About that time some of the merchants of La Paz discovered that they could deal directly with Paris, London and Hamburg, and save the profits of middlemen, and the agents were, so to speak, strangled out. Still the fishing was conducted on the old and time-honored system of using divers trained by long experience to remain perhaps two, or at most three minutes under water.

In 1875 two schooners, each of about 200 tons, one from Australia, the other from England, went to these waters, liberally supplied with diving apparatus, helmets, rubber suits, hose and life lines, and thirteen boats and boats' crews to operate them. With the aid of these appliances they made a clear profit in six months of \$125,000. The merchants engaged in the fisheries purchased the diving apparatus from the schooners, and since that time the diver's helmet has driven the unfortunate individuals who, unlike our politicians, made their living by holding their breath, entirely out of the pearl-fishing fields of labor. But the advantages possessed by the pearl fishers of La Paz were advantages which might be shared in common with any other persons who could command the capital necessary to go into the same business. The idea of seeing strangers and aliens come in and scoop up from the bed of the gulf the wealth which they were beginning to regard as their inalienable inheritance was intolerable. But how to avoid it was the question. That conundrum was soon solved by the elevation to the Mexican presidency of General Gonzales. That gentleman was applied to, and by "proper representations" his favorable consideration was secured and given to a plan by which, on the 28th of February, 1884, five concessions were granted to five gentlemen. The concessions gave these gentlemen, their associates and assigns the exclusive right and privilege of all shell fisheries in their respective zones for the period of sixteen years, paying therefor a royalty and export duty in full of all claims of the government, amounting to \$10 a ton on all shells exported for the first three years, and \$15 a ton for the remaining thirteen years.

The holders of these concessions immediately consolidated their interests, as no doubt was the original intention, and dispatched Juan Hidalgo, armed with powers of attorney and all necessary credentials, to obtain the capital necessary to systematically work one of the most gigantic schemes of monopoly which the world has ever seen. Señor Hidalgo's efforts in San Francisco have been successful, and in July last, under the modest title of the Mother-of-Pearl Shell company, a corporation was formed under the laws of California.

As an evidence of the enormous profit to be made by this gigantic scheme, it may be mentioned that for the past two years the yield of the fisheries, conducted with four schooners and twenty boats, has been from \$200,000 to \$250,000 in pearls, and about nine hundred tons of shell worth from £80 to £70—say £65 per ton, or \$292,500, making a gross yield of \$542,000 per annum.

The company has now four schooners on the fishing grounds, the Porfirio Diaz, the Adriana, the Consuelo and the Paloma. The fisheries are conducted as follows: Each vessel carries five boats, and each boat carries a crew of six men—a diver, two men to work the air pumps, one at the life line and two at the oars. The vessel having anchored on favorable grounds, the boats put off from the ship's side early in the morning. The diver is lowered and remains on the bottom for two or three hours at a time, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon he has filled his iron basket with from seven hundred to two thousand shells. At that hour the shells are opened by the officers, who remove and retain in safe-keeping the pearls, which are principally what are known as black pearls, of great rarity and value at present. The docks are then cleared up, and the shells consigned to the remainder of the day. The pearls and shells are sold in the markets of London, Paris and Hamburg—principally London.

Preparations are being made by the company to send, as soon as possible, a large fleet of vessels equipped with all the improvements in diving apparatus. As a further instance of the enormous powers conferred by the Gonzales government on its favored monopolies, the holder of the concessions are authorized, without any process of law, by force of arms, if necessary, to arrest any person found fishing in the waters of the gulf without a permit or license form Señor Hidalgo or his associates or their assigns, and to seize their vessels and consign them to the Mexican authorities to be dealt with according to the Mexican law, and all custom-house officers on the gulf coast have been instructed to recognize the permits and licenses of the holders of concessions with the same effect as if issued from the fountain-head of the government.

One good authority says that the net result of agriculture in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for the period from 1873 to the beginning of 1884, was a shrinkage of the aggregate capital of the farmers of the British Isles amounting to \$367,700,000.

HEALTH HINTS.

For bilious colic soda and ginger in hot water. It may be taken freely.

Nervous spasms are usually relieved by a little salt taken into the mouth and allowed to dissolve.

Broken limbs should be placed in natural positions and the patient kept quiet until the surgeon arrives.

A pear cure, something after the order of the grape cure, is now in vogue in Oakland, Cal. The diet is wholly of Bartlett pears. An invalid is said to grow thin upon it at first, but in a few weeks usually grows stronger.

The eucalyptus is an anti-malaria and disinfectant agent, capable of correcting many of the evils arising from defective drainage, the leaves yield an aromatic perfume, and are much pleasanter to use for this purpose than carbolic acid or chloride of lime.

According to the *Pharmaceutical Record* freckles may sometimes be made to disappear by an application of citric acid night and morning. Dr. Duhring advises an emulsion of almonds, to be applied until a slight amount of desquamation takes place.

When once a waterproof is put on to defend the body from wet, it should on no account be taken off until the wearer has not only taken shelter, but is in a position to change his clothes. What a covering of oiled silk does for a wet rag in surgery—namely, convert it into a poultice—the waterproof does for the clothes of its wearer. The insensible perspiration which finds a way of escape through ordinary clothing is kept in by the waterproof, and the clothes are saturated with moisture. A very few minutes will suffice to render the underclothing "damp" under a waterproof, particularly if either the wearer perspires freely or the weather be what is called "muggy" as well as wet. When, therefore, the wearer of a waterproof takes off that article of clothing because it has ceased to rain, he is in the position of a person who has damp clothes on, and, if he sits in the saddle, or walks home, or rides in an open trap, he is more likely to take cold than if he had not used the waterproof at all. If, therefore, a waterproof is once put on, it should on no account be removed until the clothes can be changed or dried by a fire without reduction of bodily temperature. —*Health and Home*.

Eating in a French Canadian Town.

It is characteristic of St. Francois and the early hours of the place that the housewife who does not arrive at the village market by 6 or 6:30 in the morning subject her household to the perils of semi-starvation. The farmers' wives who bring in the fruit and vegetables and butter and eggs from their farms are all in their places by 5 o'clock, and by 8 many of them are already jogging along on their way homeward. And the market is the chief place for the purchase of edibles in the town of St. Francois. Its supply is meagre enough, and its customs are primitive. The market-women all ask one price and take another; hence a purchase involves an immense amount of bargaining and chaffering and gesticulating, and the worthy townspeople bid each other good morning, and jostle each other with their market-baskets and peer down over each other's shoulders along the meagre array upon the counters with much bustling and curiosity. Berries and vegetables are sold in what the natives call "tureens,"—a most vague and elastic term, as a "tureen" appears to an outsider to be anything from a teaspoon to a scrub-pail. You may buy a tureenful of raspberries for ten cents, or one for a dollar, and you can only give an indefinite guess at the quantity you are getting for your money. The supply is very scanty, and poor in quality, too. The tiny wild strawberries, wild red raspberries and chokeberries form the bulk of the fruit obtainable in St. Francois. The French-Canadian farmer is a slow and conservative gardener, and many vegetables and fruits which would ripen easily in the climate are not cultivated nowadays, simply because his grandfather did not cultivate them before him, and his sluggish brain has not yet awakened to the fact that it would be a wise and profitable thing to raise them. But, if the vegetable market is scanty, the fish market on summer mornings is a sight to behold, from the numbers of eels which crawl over and under each other and wriggle along the counters and fall off on the floor, where they lie writhing till the merchant, seeing his wares escaping him, picks them up and stuns them by striking their heads against the wall. —*Lippincott*.

Died of a Broken Heart.

News has reached this city of a sensation in our sister city, Knoxville, the facts of which have been suppressed by the local press. A few months ago a wealthy gentleman of that city discovered that one of his employees was paying court to his daughter. The young man was an accomplished scholar, possessing high literary attainments and superior in every regard, but unfortunately was very poor. The stern father, when he made the discovery, forbade the young man his house and prohibited his daughter from ever seeing him again. The love that had been kindled was not to be so easily stifled, and the couple succeeded in holding several clandestine meetings. The father, shrewd in his hard-heartedness, discovered the couple together, and losing his temper, discharged the young man from his employ on the spot, and in the excitement of the moment struck his daughter for disobeying him. The blow was light, but left its mark, and the young lady from that moment began to droop; the imprint on her burning cheek seemed to have been engraved in her heart, and that act of her impetuous father was his fatal mistake. The young man was forced to leave Knoxville to seek employment elsewhere. The tender heart of the fragile girl was broken and a few days ago she died, breathing the name of her lover in her last moments. The first he heard of her sickness was the news of her death, and leaving all else he reached Knoxville in time to participate in the sad obsequies and wet the mound above her grave with burning tears, such a follow poignant grief and well from broken hearts. —*Chattanooga Times*.

SOME QUEER WILL CASES.

HOW RELATIVES QUARREL AND FIGHT OVER ESTATES.

A Widow's Love—A Will for a Million Dollars Written on a Scrap of Paper—Bogus Widows.

Contested will cases are increasing in this city and the custom of making wills is more common to-day than it was a dozen years ago. It is not an unusual occurrence now for a will involving only \$300 to be contested by some relative who has been left out in the cold, and only the other day Register of Wills Rex examined scores of witnesses in a case where the estate bequeathed was valued at less than \$400.

Undue influence or insanity are the general reasons assigned for trying to break a will. Old people who have lived apart from their relatives just prior to their death generally leave money to those they have lived with and who have been kind to them in their last days. The relative who has been ignored in the will invariably introduces this fact at the examination before the register and argues that it is a species of undue influence.

There are many instances on record where relatives who have been cut off with a penny declare that the testator was insane because he was in the habit of talking to himself on the street in his old age. Another commonly alleged evidence of insanity is that the deceased would sit for hours without speaking while in the company of his family.

Within half a dozen years several odd will contests have found their way into the courts. Some cases are still pending after years of litigation and a number took months to dispose of, involving the expenditure of thousands of dollars for court costs and counsel fees. One of the most famous cases ever tried in the common pleas court in this city was the Whittaker will contest, where two wills were produced, and which resulted in two men named Dickerson and Vanarsdalen, being sent to the Eastern penitentiary each for ten years for conspiracy to commit a forgery. Vanarsdalen died in prison three or four weeks ago, and Dickerson still wears convict's clothes. The case occupied Judge Allison's court for nearly four months, and cost more than \$25,000 to try.

The contest over the will of William Drinkhouse, which has recently been carried to the supreme court, occupied the common pleas court a long time. The contest was brought by his son, Samuel R. Drinkhouse, on the ground that his father was laboring under a delusion when he made his will, bequeathing to all his children an equal life interest in his estate, which at their death is to revert to their children. The children of the son Samuel were excepted, his father declaring that he did not believe the children were his son's. This gave the son only a life interest, which when he dies, according to the provisions of the will, is to be equally divided among William Drinkhouse's other grandchildren.

Dr. William King, a son of the late Judge William King, of the Common Pleas court, was a surgeon in the United States navy and while stationed at Norfolk met a handsome widow, who fell desperately in love with him. Some time later Dr. King shot and killed a man who insulted him in Charleston. He was arrested and indicted for murder. The widow with her two little children followed him to Charleston. He had no means to speak of at the time, and with her money she obtained for him the best legal talent in the city. During his trial she was always at his side and comforted him while he was in prison. He was acquitted of the charge of murder on the ground of self-defense. Then out of gratitude he married her. When the late Judge King died he left his son some eighty-odd thousand dollars. The late Judge Parsons, of the Common Pleas court, held the money in trust for the naval surgeon, who lived snugly on the interest. At his death he left his entire estate to his widow, who fought for him when he was on trial in Charleston. His two sisters contested the will in Court 1. He made two wills: the first left a part of the property to his sisters, the last will bequeathed everything to the widow. The sisters claimed that the last will was a forgery. The counsel on both sides agreed that the jury should render a verdict in favor of the widow, and a quiet arrangement was afterward made by which the sisters were given a fair slice of the dead surgeon's fortune.

"I have a great many contests before me," said Register Rex, "where there are two women who both insist that they are the widow of the testator. I have three such cases before me now. Not long ago I had a case where there were two widows, one of whom was an adventuress. She even went so far as to produce a marriage certificate. She bought it on Arch street and filed it out herself, as was afterward shown by the counsel for the legitimate widow. The certificate was dated in 1869. He proved that the style of certificate was not gotten up until five years later.

"Relatives who try to break wills always speak very affectionately of the dead who have slighted them. This is done with the design of impressing me that they always had a deep love for the deceased person. I have decided over one hundred cases. The Mary Ann Marshall contest, begun in 1880, is still pending. In the George Lewis contest I have been taking testimony every week since June, 1888. Men often put odd reasons in their wills for cutting relatives off, and some wills are only a few lines long. James L. Claghorn's will only covered a sheet of foolscap. William L. Schaeffer, the late cashier of the Girard bank, left a million of dollars on a little ragged scrap of paper only four or five inches long. A will contest affords an excellent opportunity for hearing family spleen. I have a case now pending where a son and daughter sit on one side of me and two daughters sit on the opposite side, and they glare at each other like wild beasts. Several times I have seen mothers and sons meet here as contestants, and they would not even look at each other." —*Philadelphia Times*.

The petrified forests of Arizona have been purchased by a company who are making the wood into table tiles and other ornamental articles. It is said to be driving onyx from the market, being susceptible of a much higher polish and more durable.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Beads around the throat is very fashionable.

White crape is somewhat worn mixed with other materials.

Wraps trimmed with chenille have beaded balls placed at intervals around the throat.

It is said there are fully 800 females in the United States who are masquerading in masculine garments.

The Wesleyan Female college of Georgia, created in 1838, was the first college for women in this country.

Modeling in clay or wax is the fashionable pastime among ladies with an abundance of elegant leisure.

Choice sprays of shaded velvet flowers appear upon some of the most elegant little opera bonnets from Paris.

The vote of Washington Territory was about 42,000, of which number the women contributed perhaps one-third.

A white cloth capote, with plaited crown, bound with brown velvet woven with tiny gold loops, has large pompons of zephyr wool.

A terra-cotta poke bonnet is lined with old gold satin. Waves of creamy lace and birds of iridescent plumage form the trimming.

A pretty ball dress is of lemon-colored tulle over satin, with a few poppies placed at intervals on it, their stalks being tied with a large satin bow.

Bands of embroidery in silk and chenille are used with rich silks or velvets, either across the lower edge of the skirt or to outline the panels at the sides.

The heavy fancy cloth used for wraps and for dresses has the same metallic effects reproduced in the patterns that are seen in the richest evening brocades.

Gray or brown cloth suits, with short wraps to match, trimmed with fur, and a turban of the same material edged with the fur, are both sensible and stylish.

Fancy aprons are now fashionable for home wear. Many are made of sheer white swiss, with the single pocket placed on one side, trimmed with a large satin bow.

Since the beginning of the organized female suffrage agitation in England, in 1870, the official records show that 16,354 petitions, bearing 2,542,162 signatures have been presented to parliament.

A most charming toilet, recently imported, is made of moonlight tulle, studded all over with tiny silver loops woven into the tissue, and through each of which is passed the stem of a wood violet in velvet.

"How do you braid your hair so nicely?" queried a gentleman who was visiting a lady friend. "Oh," broke in her attendant sister, "she takes it off and ties the knot to the gas chandelier and fusses over two hours every morning."

An evening dress is of silver blue brocade in forget-me-nots. The train is full and round, the neck is cut low to the shoulders, and the sleeves short. Over this is a drapery of silver gauze caught high on the left side by a cluster of forget-me-nots.

A pretty evening dress for a young lady is of pear white satin, over which falls a drapery of tulle caught high on one side by a cluster of Marguerites. The jardiniere of the same dainty flowers, which passes about the skirt, is an odd but becoming bit of garniture.

Among the handsomest of the satin robes are those which are embroidered on one edge of the material with graduated patterns about half a yard in depth and the edge prepared for being cut in squares, points or scallops in the manner now in vogue for dress skirts as well as for the skirt and waist draperies.

The Turkish woman is superstitious in the extreme. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather which encloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill-luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, or even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.

In Northern Siberia, if a young native desires to marry, he goes to the father of the girl of his choice, and a price is agreed upon, one-half of which is then paid down. The prospective son-in-law at once takes up his residence with the family of his lady love, and resides with them a year. If at the end of a year he still desires to marry the girl he can pay the other half, and they are married on the next visit of the priest. If he does not want to marry he need not, and simply loses the half he paid at the start.

Spearing Sword-Fish.

The fish are always harpooned from the end of the bowsprit of a sailing-vessel. All vessels regularly engaged in this fishery are supplied with an apparatus for the support of the harpooner, which consists of a wooden platform about two feet square, upon which the harpooner stands, and an upright bar of iron three feet high, rising from the tip of the bowsprit just in front of this platform. At the top of this bar is a bow of iron in a nearly circular form, to surround the waist of the harpooner. This structure is called the "rest" or the "pulpit." A man is always stationed at the mast-head, whence, with the keen eye which practice has given him, he can easily do away the tell-tale dorsal fin at a distance of two or three miles. When a fish has been sighted, the watch "sings out," and the vessel is steered directly toward it. The skipper takes his place in the pulpit, holding the harpoon with both hands by the upper end, and directing the man at the wheel by voice and gesture how to steer. When the fish is from six to ten feet in front of the vessel, it struck. The harpooner is not thrown; the strong arm of the harpooner punches the dart into the back of the fish beside the dorsal fin, and the pole is withdrawn. The line is from fifty to one hundred and fifty fathoms long, and the end is either made fast on board the smack, or attached to a keg or some other form of buoy and thrown overboard. After the fish has exhausted himself by dragging the buoy through the water, it is picked up, the fish is hauled alongside, and killed with a lance. In the meantime, several other fish may have been struck and left to tire themselves out in the same way. —*Popular Science Monthly*.

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The New Legislature.

On Wednesday the General Court assembled and organized, and the Legislature of 1885 is now in fair running order. For the first time in several years, there was felt to be a call for drawing party lines, and prior to the organization of either branch, the Republican members, who are in the majority to an unusual degree as compared with recent Legislatures, met in caucus to nominate presiding officers. In the preliminary canvass for presidency of the Senate, the two candidates were George A. Marden, of Lowell, and Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston, but in caucus Mr. Marden gracefully withdrew, and Mr. Pillsbury received the unanimous vote of the Senate. From the Journal's sketch of members we clip the following in regard to him:—

Sixth District. Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, Republican, lawyer, lives at No. 622 Tremont street. Born in Milford, N. H., Aug. 19, 1849, he was educated in public schools and academies, and in Harvard University, but did not complete his course at the latter institution. After teaching school and studying law in Illinois he began practice in Boston about thirteen years ago. He was member of the House in 1876, 1877 and 1878, serving on various important committees, including that on the Judiciary. A Senator last year, he was chairman of the Hoosac Tunnel committee and a member of the committees on the Judiciary and on the Bills in the Third Reading.

At the caucus of Representatives there was more of a contest, but the drift was entirely towards J. Q. A. Brackett, Esq., of Boston, and he was nominated with but little delay. The attempt to nominate a clerk on party lines failed, and in this we imagine we discover the insincerity of the majority in their arguments in favor of a caucus for speaker. Mr. Brackett needs no introduction to a large portion of our readers, as he makes his summer residence here with his wife's mother, Mrs. Peck, and many have met him socially on the trains and elsewhere. His preparation for the office is well outlined in the following sketch of him in the Journal:—

John Q. A. Brackett, Republican, lawyer, lives at No. 4, Union Park, was born in Bradford, N. H., June 8, 1842, and was graduated at Harvard University in 1865. He was a member of the Boston Common Council from 1873 to 1876, inclusive, and was President of that body in 1876. In 1874 and 1875 he was Judge Advocate of the First Brigade, M. V. M. A member of the House five years from 1877 he served on a number of important committees, including those on Labor, on Taxation, on Probate and Chancery, on Education, on Retrenchment, on Rules and Orders, on Harbors and Public Lands and on the Revision of the Statutes. Again a member last year, he was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and was also a member of the Committee on Rules.

The House assembled at eleven o'clock, with Mr. Cowdrey of Stoneham, in the chair, the honor being conferred by courtesy as the oldest member. Time and again this pleasant duty has fallen to the genial Hon. John L. Baker, but this year that somewhat eccentric but honored citizen of Beverly "got left." The usual routine business was transacted, and then adjournment was had to the day following, when the new State government was formally inaugurated and the business of the session regularly began.

"Just think of business men being tempted to exchange their warm, comfortable and nicely furnished homes for cold, filthy and rat-eaten rookeries, or of clergymen being tempted to exchange their altars and pulpits for sewers and street-crossings, or of ladies being tempted to exchange their velvet couches for beds of straw, or of thousands of well-to-do, intelligent, strong people being tempted to exchange these great blessings for poverty, ruin, weakness and uselessness! Such an idea is preposterous. Why, if liquor is such a great and successful tempter as it is said to be, it is a great wonder the devil neglected to try it in the great temptation of forty days and forty nights in the wilderness."

The above is from a long article written in defence of the grogshop over the signature "Wm. S." Cambridge. In view of the fact that every week numerous instances come to the view of every reader of the daily papers where the refined, the noble, both men and women, have been drawn down into the lowest slums of our cities by what is offered for sale in these grogeries,—and that nine-tenths of the sul-

cides are because men and women no longer have the courage or strength to struggle against the power that is destroying health and all power for happiness,—we wonder at the stupidity of the one who wrote the lines above quoted.

The grogshop is not a temptation to the men and women and children who are now in good homes, with pleasant surroundings, but they are and ever will be a terrible temptation to those who in those happy homes have had a natural taste for stimulants inflamed and pampered until it has become a master and they have gone or been driven forth by outraged relatives to become wanderers and patrons of these earthly hells.

The grogshop and beer saloon are unmixed evils,—there is not a single redeeming feature about either; and that community is wise that refuses them existence within its borders, while a curse is sure to rest upon that one giving to either its sanction and protection.

Public Installation in Arlington.

It was much to be regretted that anything so novel as a Grand Army public installation should occur on an evening set for a lecture by Miss Kate Field, as many who desired to witness both had to make a choice. Admission to the installation was by special tickets and a company of more than two hundred friends of Post 36 crowded upon the space set apart for the installation services, and they proved fully as interesting as any one had anticipated. Adj. Gen. of the Dept. of Mass., A. C. Munroe, filled the position of installing officer, Judge Adv. John H. Hardy acting in the subordinate capacity of O. of D. Both officers were in full dress uniform, the officers and members of Post 36 were in full uniform and all the minor details of this interesting ceremony were attended to with the utmost care. The following is the full list of officers installed:—

Com., Horace D. Durgin; S. V. C., Nathan Nourse; J. V. C., E. A. Jacobs; Q. M., James A. Marden; C. Albert W. Cotton; Surg., Henry D. Bradley; Adj. J. A. Blanchard; O. D., Major Bacon; O. G., S. C. Frost; Serg. Maj., Wm. S. Wood; Q. M. S., W. H. Bartlett.

Immediately on the conclusion of this ceremony the officers of Post 36 vacated the several chairs, and Mrs. Augusta C. Randall, of the Relief Corps, assumed command, and welcomed Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, installing officer for the department, and Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, of national department, her assistant. The pleasing ceremony of installation in the Relief Corps situat was then gone through with, the following officers being installed:—

Pres., Mrs. Augusta C. Randall; S. V. Mrs. Violet C. Durgin; J. V. Mrs. Angie Marden; Sec., Mrs. Lizzie W. Reed; Treas., Mrs. Georgiella Simonds; Chap., Miss Nellie M. Farmer; Condr., Mrs. Sadie L. Loud; Guard, Mrs. Minnie M. Pierce.

At the conclusion of these ceremonies, comrade Hollis led a chorus in a song, Adj. Gen. Munroe was introduced and made a pleasing address on Grand Army matters. He was followed by Mrs. Fuller, in a neat speech giving some facts as to the growth of the Relief Corps, and was in turn followed by Judge Advocate Hardy and Mrs. Turner. A comrade of Post 36 took Commander Durgin's place in the speech making, closing this part of the exercises, after which the company partook of coffee and cake provided by members of both organizations. A pleasant feature was the presentation of bouquets to Commander Durgin and Mrs. Fuller, by ladies of the Relief Corps, Mrs. Randall making the former and Mrs. Loud the latter. The occasion was one that will long be pleasantly remembered by all.

We give up out temperance department to-day to make room for the report concerning a noble charity in Boston, ninety per cent. of which, however, is necessary because of intemperance and the liquor traffic upon which we mean to make unceasing warfare.

Mr. George W. Gale, lumber dealer at Cambridgeport, whose heavy teams are frequently seen upon our streets loaded with products of his yard and mill, has issued a handsome calendar which he will mail to applicants.

Pach Bros., of Cambridge, have had a remarkably successful year in the photograph business. The location of the studio is favorable, and the artistic quality of the work accounts for the other factors going to make the desirable result.

The estate of the late Hon. F. B. Hayes has been appraised at \$1,299,651, over one million being in real estate. The farm at Lexington is appraised at \$40,000.

No bankruptcy bill and no halt in the coining of silver dollars. These two items have been settled by Congress this week.

There is much complaint about the telephone service,—rather the lack of it. What is the matter?

Scarlet fever and diphtheria are quite prevalent in our adjoining city of Cambridge.

BROOKS vs. MEDFORD.

I designate this as a fitting title to what is to come for the sake of convenience, as Medford is, as it was supposed would be the case, opposed to the creation of a new town out of her territory. One can scarcely wonder at that fact when it is considered that naturally, and by every prospect of growth, this part of the town is the best. Being located, as a whole, on higher ground, and on the main line (not a branch, as is Medford) of a railroad, one can hazard but little in saying that for the last dozen years, and doubtless for the next also, the increase in this part of the town has been far greater than in Medford. For proof of this, I quote a few sentences from a paper recently published by Hon. J. M. Usher, called the "New Town Advocate":—

In January, 1851, there was not in West Medford a single store, post-office, church, or public building of any kind, save a small one-story schoolhouse.

In 1854 we have two churches, three school-houses, one post-office, four grocery stores, two provision stores, one tailor's shop, one apothecary store, etc., etc.

In 1851 there was within the limits of the territory now proposed to make the new town, one small schoolhouse with one teacher and an average of seven pupils.

In 1854 we have the Brooks grammar school, 102 pupils; intermediate, 51 pupils; primary, 53 pupils,—in all, 206.

Hill school, intermediate, 37 pupils; primary, 61 pupils.

Cummings, intermediate and primary departments, in both 90 pupils, total, 394.

A meeting of about one hundred tax payers was held in Medford on Monday evening to organize a determined opposition to a division of the town. J. C. Kand, in alluding to the forty-eight signers from West Medford on the petition to be set off as a new town, said they represented \$16,000 of the town tax.

Mr. Rand's figures, as above given, do not agree with mine as taken from the last town report. Twenty-two, or about one-half of the signers of the petition, paid this year in round numbers the sum of \$14,575, and the family of Brooks alone paid over \$9,000. No wonder they do not want us to go,—that they oppose a division when it is known that the people here helped to the extent of about \$49,000 this year in paying the town tax. No wonder they want us to be still united with them. But by every consideration that makes it for their (Medford's) interest for us to stay, makes it for our (Brooks') interest to go. A fight will be long and probably expensive; and it is confidently predicted that the final outcome will be, if not this year, the granting of a charter for the town of Brooks.

We are a good deal in the position of a son who has staid at home for years, at a comparatively small expense to his parents, but who has been devoting his energies both of thought and strength to their welfare. While he does not begrudge his parents this service, the time comes when he is mature enough, and it is natural that he should want to "set up for himself," but he has been such a comfort and help to the old people they very naturally are opposed to his taking this step. He just as naturally desires to have a "local habitation and a name" and as a rule he carries out his determination, but by doing this he intends no reflection upon his parents' love, nor does he forget them; he only does what they did before him.

What are some of the reasons why the people of Brooks desire to take this step? Without pretending to exhaust the subject, I will suggest a few. Medford for some years past has seemed bound to hamper us by refusing to lay out streets when needed, and by loading us down with unjust taxes. There has been, if not a willful waste of money, a very foolish and ill-judged management of affairs. As Mr. Harlow (a friend of Medford) said in substance at a town meeting when the Town Hall question was up, "If \$100,000 is appropriated for a town hall, it will cost \$150,000 before you get through with it." For several years whenever an appropriation has been granted, more has been asked for to complete the work begun. Purchase St., Salem St., the engine house and Cradock bridge may be named as examples of this, and at the last annual town meeting, \$8000 was voted for by the town to pave a street for a horse-railroad, in which the people of Brooks have no more interest than the one in Arlington. There may be a few people here who have some ties still in Medford, but for all practical purposes, with the exception of voting, we are as much a separate community, socially, religiously and in a business point of view, as are the people of Woburn, Winchester or Arlington.

Brooks is divided nearly in the centre by the Boston & Lowell railroad, and if my recollection is not at fault, I have heard it stated that fifteen years ago there were fourteen or fifteen dwellings on the southerly side of that road; now there is well on to one hundred and seventy-five. What other part of the old town has done better? But in this time the increase on the northerly side of that road has been nearly as large in proportion.

Houses are spoken for almost as soon as they are projected, and owing to their scarcity, rents are very high,—houses worth, land and all, not over \$2,000, renting readily for \$20 a month. Owing to Medford's demands and ill-managed affairs, our taxes have gone up, up, till now they are \$19.20 on \$1,000, the highest of any place I know of. Therefore do I believe we cannot do better than by "setting up for ourselves," and we shall be free from the odium of being identified in any way with the place where Medford rum is made.

We learn that Mr. T. F. Lovering has purchased quite an extensive piece of land, on which he intends to erect four or five new houses.

Mr. Holton's new block is progressing, as also are Mr. Wentworth's and the other new houses now going up.

The churches have been observing the "week of prayer" by extra evening meetings for three or four evenings past.

At the annual meeting of the Boston & Lowell R. R., on Wednesday, Hon. J. G. Abbott declined a re-election as President of the road, and Mr. Edwin Morey, for two years the general manager, was chosen in his place.

AT THE ARLINGTON RINK.

The Messrs. Porter and Lamontane engaged for next Wednesday evening, Jan. 14, are acrobats and tumblers of high reputation in the profession. The extraordinary feature of their exhibitions, however, is that all their difficult acts are performed while on skates.

Mr. G. W. Russell, president of the Club, has gone South on a business trip, to occupy several weeks.

The coming event of the rink is a grand "Calico party." It is not too soon to commence preparing for it.

Miss Gilbert, the talented cornetist, is underlined for Jan. 21.

The floor of the rink is just as smooth and no softer than formerly.

The Monday evening party was a large and pleasant one, as usual. A party was present from Belmont, and the Heights and Lexington were well represented.

An additional lantern now lights the way to the Rink. One at the railroad crossing will be a still further improvement.

It is quite remarkable that with such an army of learners there should be so few injuries to folks. Those hurt have only had falling sprains or bruises.

EAST LEXINGTON

NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The examination of the Adams primary school in our village will take place Monday afternoon, January 12, and that of the Howard, taught by Miss Nellie Parker, will occur the morning of January 12.

The many friends of Mr. Fred Brown will be glad to hear that he writes that he is getting better every day at Tampa, though his cough will not leave him in a hurry. He says it seemed very strange at Christmas to see the ladies dressed in white, with shade hats. As he is a sportsman, he enjoys gunning, and kills pigeons and larks.

Mrs. Stone and daughter are at Washington, but intend to go farther South before they return.

Do not forget the Pink Party next week.

About two weeks since, Mr. Geo. Simonds, on the Lowell turnpike, had about seventy-five hens stolen, and last week Mr. Cornelius Willington, who resides in the south part, had between thirty and forty hens taken from his hen house. This, we are told, is the second visitation he has received, and some one gives this wholesome advice, that it would be wise, when you bolt the door, to fasten the windows.

The Band of Mercy holds its monthly meeting Saturday afternoon, January 15. The committee hope to make the exercises interesting, and request a full attendance.

Mr. Clifford Bryant left for Chicago last Saturday. His many friends here regretted his departure.

Rev. Mr. Buck preached last Sabbath from Luke 19:17. He commenced by saying that a part of this text, which he would accentuate is comprised in the words a "very little." We are called to be faithful in not only a little, but a very little. The life of a human being is resultant upon three conditions,—heredity, environment and choice. The first is beyond the reach of his own control, and determines whether he shall be a human being or an animal. The greatest feature of his existence is derived from those who lived before him. Every genealogical tree bears its own peculiar fruit. Not only feature and form do we inherit from our ancestors, but family resemblances, strangely marked even in moral aptitude and capacity.

Deaths.

In Fitchburg, Dec. 28th, Charles Fessenden, aged 75 years.
In Arlington, Jan. 3d, on his 71st birthday, Mr. Thomas Kamadee.
In Arlington, Jan. 5, Charles P. Bradley, aged 68 years.

UTOPIA SKATING CLUB, ARLINGTON.

G. W. RUSSELL, - President.
J. H. RUSSELL, - Treasurer.

Wednesday, Jan. 14.

Champion 2 Combination! Master George A. Porter,

ROLLER PRINCE, AGED 14,

Mr. Charles LaMontagne, KING OF ACROBATIC SKATERS.

The programme consists of single, fancy and trick skating by Master Porter, in which he has received the universal commendation of press and public wherever he has appeared. Acrobatic skating, front and back hand-springs, hand-springs, front and back somersaults, front somersault over four chairs, etc., by Master Montagne, equally commended by press and public. The two then appear in a laughable burlesque extravaganza, entitled,

Adolphus Wore his Trousers Tight or Uncle Jonathan and Aunt Maria's First Appearance on the Wooden Pond.

MUSIC

every evening and Saturday afternoons. Special childrens' season Saturday forenoon, from 10 to 12. Admission and use of skates, 15 cts.

ORDINARY ADMISSION.
Afternoon 15 cts.; Children 10 cts. Evening 25 cts.; Five tickets for \$1.00; Children 15 cts.; Eight tickets for \$1.00.
Skates to Club members, and non members who are acceptable to the Directors, after noon or evening, 15 cts.

There will be an Entertainment in the Unitarian Church Vestry, ARLINGTON,

Wednesday Even'g, Jan. 14, '85,

Children of the Parish.

The programme will consist of Solos for the Violin, Cornet and Piano, with selections by the orchestra, under direction of Mr. S. F. PRINCE, to conclude with a pretty Musical Sketch.

"The Fairy of the Fountain."

Doors open at 7; Overture at 7.30 o'clock.

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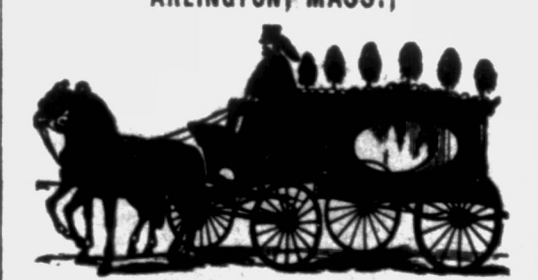
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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT.

The following letter from Mrs. CASWELL, the head of the well-known Industrial Home, is in response to a Christmas gift of five barrels of articles, sent her from the Hancock church, Lexington:—

The truest Charity trains the Poor to help themselves.

INDUSTRIAL HOME,

39 NORTH BENNET ST.
BOSTON Jan. 3, 1885.

My dear Friends:—As you may well understand, this has been a busy week, and I am only too glad to inform you that the last mother has gone away in triumphant possession of the family basket; the last child has been amused, warmed and fed; the "outlying reserve" from the street has been permitted to carry away the debris; and the most unmusical sound of the broom and scrubbing-brush greet my ear as I write, in energetic use by our army of scrubbing women, and to-night at ten o'clock you will never dream that over one thousand people have been holding high festival in our Home from top to bottom.

You will be glad to know that with your generous—yes, most generous—gifts, we had enough to "go round." Without them we must have distributed a large number of people, for we did not make a public appeal this year.

The boys and girls in the printing class issued tickets inviting sixty mothers and six hundred children to the home for special entertainment. It would have touched your heart to have seen the patient faces of the mothers as they filed in and seated themselves at table. They all came looking neat and clean. After a short talk from myself, and after asking God's blessing upon the festival, they began with immense relish to attack the good things before them. Some kept wiping away tears, because of the kind thought of them manifested by that supper, which was prepared and sent by Hotel Brunswick, Parker House, Revere, Crawford and United States. It was truly tempting, I assure you,—escaloped oysters, turkey, chicken, ham, tongue, pies, cake, oranges, apples, etc., etc. Some of these mothers told the ladies who served them that they had not had a "real square meal" since eating at the Home one year ago. When, from physical impossibility to eat another mouthful, the meal came to an end, the family baskets were presented, and each went to another room and helped herself to vegetables, from your barrels and others, and went home happy.

While this affair was going on in one part of the house, our "lively six hundred" were gathering in the large hall. The rush for front seats was something appalling. When I was able to leave the mothers and get to the children I found every one of my helpers struggling to control this multitude, who were in wild disorder. One glance was sufficient to give me a clue to the whole affair. A company of some of the worst North-End boy roughs had got into the house and into the hall. (I found afterwards that they had cut some tickets the size and color of ours, and in the rush succeeded in passing them.) I sent immediately to the station for a police officer, and received word that they were all away on duty. The tumult was increasing rapidly. I then mounted the platform and succeeded in quieting them long enough to begin the exercises, which were to consist of readings, songs, zilliphone, violin, etc., etc., two humorists, and altogether a very enjoyable programme for our own boys and girls.

But these roughs interfered sadly with the performers by rude remarks and behavior, hissing, shouting, stamping, etc. I really wanted them to enjoy the evening, and indeed it was Hobson's choice, for had we attempted putting them out without an officer, a mob might have been the result. There seemed nothing left but a "strategic movement." Asking the performers to wait a few moments, and using a bell, I gained their attention, and, amid a profound silence, said these words: "We have invited our Industrial Home boys and girls here this evening to enjoy a holiday entertainment. A company of boys and girls who do not belong to us have stolen tickets and are now in this hall. It is but doing justice to our own family to say that we are not responsible for this disorder and rude behavior. The Industrial Home boys and girls always treat their friends with politeness and courtesy, and wherever any other course of conduct is pursued, our guests will please understand it comes from those who have stolen admittance." We needed no officer after this. A better behaved audience could not have been found. Even our own unruly ones dared not make any mistakes in manners then, through fear of being classed among the thieves. So, after all, we had a delightful evening, and the whole crowd marched out of the house, at nine o'clock, to music.

The next day was spent in preparing for one hundred and thirty little "waifs from the slums," selected by the truant officers and police, who had missed all the Christmas chances of the season by being simply so buried in their dens as to be entirely overlooked. They were to come at two o'clock, but began to assemble before our door at eleven a. m. As you may imagine, the street was pretty lively for several hours, and all who went in or out of the Home "worked a passage." One very nice looking gentleman, feeling interested in our work, unfortunately chose this hour to visit the Home. Four boys clung to his coat, determined to be brought in thereby. Feeling doubtful of the strength of the material and stitches, the gentleman wisely turned his steps in the opposite direction, and was immediately released. He described his sensations to a friend as similar to those of a man rescued from a pack of wolves.

The daughters of our late poet Longfellow, with some of their friends, superintended this entertainment, soliciting material and doing the work themselves.

At two o'clock the door was opened,—and such a rush! The crowd was at last relieved of any outer garments that might have been worn in, and arranged in a procession. Such

rag! such odors! such soiled faces and hands! and such bright eyes and expectant faces you seldom see!

After one or two preliminary fights before starting, they marched to the large hall to music; and oh, such a shout when they saw the beautiful Christmas trees arranged by the young ladies and gentlemen of the Longfellow party!

After they were seated (and it took four officers and the assistance of the young people to seat them and keep them seated), one young lady stepped forward and said: "Children, you are to have something to eat, and we will play games with you. Which will you do first, eat or play games?" To the astonishment of all, they shouted in chorus: "Play games first!" Then was photographed on my mind a picture which I shall never forget. Delicate, lovely young ladies, of the highest culture and refinement, clasped the soiled hands of those ragged boys, and noble young men took the hands of the little girls, and they made circles and gave themselves up to a frolic and general good time never to be forgotten. The noise was perfectly deafening. There was sufficient sound to reach Lexington, had it been suitably arranged.

When everybody was out of breath, they all sat down and were served bountifully with good things to eat. After a few magical performances, and music by the ladies and gentlemen, each boy received a knife and each girl a doll with a box of doll's clothes "to put on and take off." At this the audience went perfectly wild, and nothing could be heard but screams of delight. They could not rest until we went all about and looked at every knife, which had to be opened and shut, and every doll, with each special wardrobe.

Then came an immense "grab bag," containing about five barrels of toys, etc. Each boy and girl was permitted to grab, or "fish," as they called it, until it was empty. You may imagine this scene, for it surpasses my powers of description.

When quiet was once more restored through the efforts of our entire force, each news-boy was called up to a beautiful young lady who presented him with a muffler, and each boot-black received a pair of mittens. Every boy and girl received a useful garment. Last, but by no means least, came the baskets. Each boy and girl received a market-basket, in which was a loaf of bread, and various toys, etc., upon the bottom, into which they packed all their other gifts, and marched down stairs in procession, to music, as they marched up, and I don't think North Bennet Street ever witnessed a happier crowd of boys and girls than these one hundred and thirty with their baskets filled to overflowing, as they ran to their various miserable dens to show their treasures—to whom? Alas! alas! in many cases to drunken parents in no condition to give them a particle of intelligent sympathy. I could imagine many a child hiding her treasures lest they be taken from her and pawned or sold for rum, or, perhaps, food.

Could you take but one glance into those one hundred and thirty homes, you could not forget the pictures in many years.

Are you not glad that some of your gifts went to this festival also?

But, lest you never want to hear from me more, I now release you, with "A Happy New Year" to every friend of the Industrial Home in Lexington.

Please extend our thanks to the kind, helpful friends who pinned on the little envelopes containing the money.

Gratefully yours, H. S. CASWELL.

The New Year's number of Wide Awake supplements the beautiful Christmas issue in a delightful fashion, filled as it is with holiday stories, pictures and poems. The frontispiece by Lungren, represents one of Boston's merriest scenes—evening skating in the Public Garden. A crisp and merry winter story follows, from the pen of Susan Coolidge, a finished piece of literary work, and in its fancy suggestive of Hawthorne. Another story, fine in its literary finish, is from the pen of Edward Abbott. The first of the promised Group of True Western Stories is given in this number; "Wagon-Tire Camp," by Kate Foote, recording the first discovery of gold in the West. David Ker also has a bright travelling sketch, "A school in the Faroe Islands," and Yan Phou Lee, in his curious series, "When I was a boy in China," describes a Chinese house. The serials move on entertainingly. The poems and their illustrations are notably fine. The Chautauqua Readings cover a wide range of literature, history, science and art. Only \$3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

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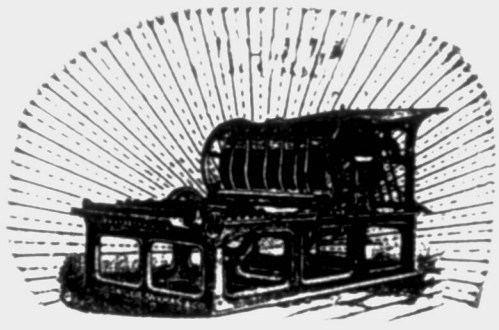
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J. R. KENDRICK,
General Manager, Boston.
L. H. PALMER,
Agent, 3 Old State House, Boston.

FREIGHT.—This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates always as low as other lines. 13 June 85
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Graduate of the American Veterinary College of N. Y. City.
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A Complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex by a treatment at HOME. Worth its weight in gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. POSTPAID ONLY 66 Cents. Postal Note or P. O. Stamp. Address NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y.

Boston Directory.

Embracing a list of the places of business of some of the residents of Arlington and Lexington which will prove a convenience to every one.

Miscellaneous.

PARKER & WOOD,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
49 North Market Street, Boston.

BOYLSTON M. Insurance Co.,
30 Kilby Street, Boston.
J. W. BALCH, Pres. W. GLOVER, Sec.

FAY, WILSON W. & CO.,
COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS,
7 State Street, Boston.

KERN & FITCH,
CONVEYANCERS,
23 Court Street, Room 51 to 54, Boston.

KENISON, DR. P.,
CHIROPDIST,
18 Temple Place, Boston

LUMBER.
WM. H. WOOD & CO.,
Broadway and Third street, Cambridgeport.

WASHINGTON F. & M. INS. CO.,
Isaac Sweetser, Pres. A. W. Damon, Sec.
38 State Street, Boston.

WOOD BROTHERS,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
12 Sudbury Street, corner Friend, Boston.

Men's Goods.

DEVEREAUX & LINDSAY,
TAILORS,
Chambers 365 Washington St., Boston.

DYER, J. T. & CO.,
MEN'S FURNISHINGS,
Bowdoin Square, 19 Green St., Boston.

JACKSON & CO.,
HATTERS AND FURRIERS,
59 Tremont street, Boston.

LAMKIN, G. & CO.,
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,
28 Tremont Row, Boston.

GOODNOW, W. H.,
HATTER,
10 Hanover Street, Boston.

HOMER, H. H. & CO.,
CROCKERY AND GLASS,
33 Franklin Street, Boston.

CROSBY, FRANKLIN,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTH ETC.,
90 Hanover Street, Boston.

MERRILL, J. S. & SON,
PAPER HANGINGS and Window Shades,
26 and 28 Washington street, Boston.

CHIPMAN'S SONS & CO.,
FURNITURE,
83 Court, corner Hanover street, Boston.

For the Table.

BURT & HARRIS,
BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS,
24 Quincy Market, Boston.

FLOUR.
LANE & CO.,
Agents for Celebrated 1001 Brand,
280 State Street, Boston.

FESSENDEN, C. B. & CO.,
FINE GROCERIES, ETC.,
177 Court Street, Boston.

SQUIRE, JOHN P. & CO.,
POULTRY, LARD, BACON, ETC.,
23 and 25 F. H. Market. 39 and 40 N. Market St.

RICHARDSON, GEO. E. & CO.,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,
No. 1 Faneuil Hall Sq., Boston.

SWAN & FITCH,
POULTRY AND WILD GAME,
No. 1 New Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

SWAN & NEWTON,
POULTRY AND WILD GAME,
18 and 20 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

Free Trial - Low Price.

THE WHITNEY SPRING BED
MEETS A REAL WANT.

By its use the soft spongy feeling of the Parlor Sofa is imparted to even a cheap mattress.

COMFORT, CLEANLINESS, ECONOMY AND DURABILITY ARE SECURED.

Changes can be quickly made in size, by any one, to fit any bedstead, and to produce a hard, or soft bed.

One side may be adjusted for a light person, and the other for a heavy one, in the same bed.

Joel Barnard
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Box 226,
15 June 17

J. O. GOODWIN,
CIVIL ENGINEER
AND SURVEYOR,
ARLINGTON, - MASS.

Orders sent by mail or left with Dr. J. I. Peatfield, dentist, No. 5 Bank Building, Arlington will receive prompt attention. Estates surveyed and divided. Streets laid out and grades established. Surveys and plans for sewerage, drainage and water works. Accuracy and reasonable prices guaranteed.
Main office and deposit of plans, Medford Mass.
Telephone No. 6927 & 6820.

Land for Sale.
Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy of access. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to
C. S. PARKER, No. 3 Swan's Block.

\$66. a week at home, \$500000. Pay not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. H. ALLEN & CO., Portland, Maine. 8 Feb - ft

ARLINGTON

Miniature Directory, 1884.

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Geo. D. Tufts, Jacob F. Hobb.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee.—William A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, W. W. Rawson, Wm. E. Wood, Rev. Chas. H. Watson, James A. Bailey, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., R. W. Hopkins,

Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Warren A. Peirce

Water Register, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer.
George Hill, Jr., Matt Rowe, 2d. Asst.
Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

HIGHLAND HOSE, No. 2.

Foreman, James Fernoville, Clerk, John Meade; treasurer, Geo. H. Hill, steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.

WM. FENN HOSE NO. 3.

Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st asst. Frank P. Winn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

MENOTOMY H. AND L. TRUCK.

Foreman, John Butler; clerk, John Splan; steward, Wm. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.

Eugene Meade, chief
Mickel O'Brien, Garret Barry.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Swan's Block, Arlington Avenue.

The Reading Room is open from 3 to 6 and from 7 to 9 o'clock, P. M.
Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.

Wm. G. Peck, President.

The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock.

Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.

Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. G. G. Allen, assistant supt. Louis O. Locke, secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10.45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PARISH—UNITARIAN.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor.

Sunday School at 9.30, H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10.45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector.

Morning prayer and sermon 10.30; evening prayer and sermon 7.30; Sunday School at noon.

PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Pastor.

Edwin Mills, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10.45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7.30 o'clock; Young Peoples' meeting at 6.30.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, Pastor.

Rev. James J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock, high mass at 10.30; vespers at 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45, under the care of pastor and assistants.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, L. Kimball Russell, assistants. Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston. Treasurer, Charles S. Richardson. Preaching service at 10.45; Sunday School at noon.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Union Hall, Arlington Heights.
Prof. Daniel Dorchester, Pastor in charge.

Expository discourse on S. S. Lesson at 10.45 a. m.; Supper School at 12 m.; evening sermon at 7.30 p. m. John K. Simpson, Jr., superintendent. Mrs. T. S. Swadlow, secretary and treasurer.

Boston & Lowell Railroad.

ON and after JUNE 30, 1884, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at 7.00, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.15, 11.30, p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 7.00, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.15, 11.30, p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.42, 5.02, 11.28, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.00, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.15, 11.30, p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.42, 5.02, 11.28, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.00, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.15, 11.30, p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 1.05, 2.00, 3.55, 5.22, 6.15, 7.55, 11.10, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights at 7.00, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.15, 11.30, p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 1.15, 3.10, 4.05, 5.32, 6.24, 8.04, 11.26, 11.10, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30, 7.00, 9.30, a. m.; 1.20, 2.45, 4.20, 5.20, 5.45, 6.25, 7.45, 9.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.30, p. m. Return at 6.14, 7.00, 7.27, 7.58, 8.21, 9.00, 9.35, 10.46, a. m.; 1.21, 2.16, 4.10, 5.18, 5.38, 6.20, 8.00, 8.10, 11.34, 11.15, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.00, 9.30, a. m.; 1.20, 2.45, 4.20, 5.20, 5.45, 6.25, 7.45, 9.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.30, p. m. Return at 6.20, 7.06, 7.33, 8.27, 10.53, a. m.; 1.30, 2.22, 4.15, 5.25, 6.56, 7.51, 8.15, 11.41, 11.20, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR West Somerville at 6.30, 7.00, 9.30, a. m.; 1.20, 2.45, 4.20, 5.20, 5.45, 6.25, 7.45, 9.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.30, p. m. Return at 6.23, 7.08, 7.35, 8.03, 8.25, 9.07, 9.44, 10.54, a. m.; 1.28, 2.24, 4.17, 5.25, 6.58, 7.53, 8.17, 11.43, 11.10, 11.22.

†† Wednesdays only.

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Concord at 8.40, a. m.; leave Boston at 12.50, p. m.

J. F. CROCKETT,
Supt. Southern Division.

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ARLINGTON, - MASS.

Office hours, Saturdays from 7 to 9 p. m.

New Leaving Time.

NEEDHAM'S EXPRESS

Now leaves Faneuil Hall Market
At 2.30, P. M.,

instead of 2.00 o'clock, as formerly. All orders promptly attended to. June

GOLD for the working class. Send 10c. for postage, and we will mail you FREE, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to \$5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay; start now. Address STINSON, Portland, Maine. 8 Feb - ft

Dr. J. I. PEATFIELD,

DENTIST,

Rooms 4 & 5 Savings Bank Building, Arlington.
Special Attention Given to Filling.
20 June - ft

MISS E

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5th, 1884.

Christmas at the capital came and went with all the customary observances, with church celebrations and innumerable festivities at schools, charitable institutions, asylums and homes; and, alas! with its usual record of intoxication and crime. Charity contributed freely to holiday happiness by gathering the children of the poor and giving them turkey, ice cream, Kris Kringle and amusing entertainments. In this work the President's daughter Nellie, Miss West, daughter of the British Minister, and the daughter of Chief Justice Waite, may be mentioned as active participants, besides many others who were equally efficient but whose names lack the accident of fame. The chief event of the week was President Arthur's last New Year's reception. The official pageant was brilliant and the President had a long list of assistants, including the ladies of the Cabinet, of the Supreme Court, the wives of many Senators and Representatives and other ladies of social distinction. The assistants stood in line by turns, withdrawing when fatigued, to the rear of the receiving party while others came forward and filed into their places. Promptly at the hour for opening of the reception, President Arthur, in full morning dress, white kid gloves and button-hole bouquet, stood at the head of the line, and received first his Cabinet and next the Diplomatic Corps. The Chief Justice and Associate Justices followed, then Senators and Representatives, Judges of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Judges of the Court of Claims, officers of the District Judiciary, Commissioners of the District, ex-members of the Cabinet and ex-ministers of the United States. Then came the officers of the Army and Navy, the assistant secretaries of departments, heads of bureaus, the assistant Postmaster General and Attorney General, the Solicitor General and various other heads, superintendents, commissioners, secretaries and assistants. The veterans of the war of 1812, and those of the Mexican war, were followed by the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Oldest Inhabitants Association of the District, and then the doors were thrown open to citizens and a throng of both colors, who were neither admirals, judges, nor generals, made a steady procession through the parlors until the reception closed. The White House was decorated with tropical plants, the Marine band, stationed in the vestibule, filled it with music, and the scene in the famous East Room was striking, while the representatives of foreign countries mingled their gorgeous court costumes and decorations with the gay tinselled uniforms of army and navy officers and the sombre attire of the Supreme Court Justices.

The day was observed in Washington en regle. Carriages, hansoms, and cabs whirled along the streets with their freight of callers. Ladies handsomely attired received them in gas lighted parlors. Gentlemen paid the compliments of the season, sipped tea or coffee, nibbled sandwiches and cake and departed, and the first duty of the New Year was fulfilled. Many will never see their hostesses again, because by Jan. 1st, 1884, the official social person of Washington will be almost entirely changed.

There is no end of inauguration talk in Washington and several steps toward preparation for the great event have been taken during the past week. Ware rooms, halls, barracks and every thing that can be utilized for lodging purposes are being fixed up for organizations that are coming, and northern firms have contracted to furnish thousands of cots. The committee on public comfort, whose duty it is to provide quarters, (either at hotels or private houses), for persons desiring them, will endeavor to keep prices for every variety of service down to ordinary rates, and can, it is hoped, be relied upon to prevent extortionate charges.

Mr. Cleveland's letter on the civil service has been the chief topic of conversation here for several days. In the Departments the widest difference of opinion is expressed in regard to it. Many officials regard the letter as insuring a thorough enforcement of civil service rules, while others assert that the wording of it will permit the removal from office of every man who made a contribution for political purposes or delivered a political speech.

The great evangelist, Mr. Moody, is coming to Washington in two weeks to hold meetings, and the city pastors have been making arrangements for him. He wants the largest church in the city, of course, which is the Congregational, on G street, but as that has been engaged for some other purpose, the Mount Vernon M. E. church was selected as the next largest building. Mr. Moody always stops at a hotel in order to be master of his own time and movements, and though he makes no charges for his services, his expenses are paid by the churches in the city where he holds his meetings. Admission tickets are issued for each service.

NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 29, 1883.

Christmas in New Orleans was ushered in with a multitude of tin horns, the usual powder burning and all variety of pranks for which young America is noted. And while there was no snow, the skies were overcast, the air was damp and chilly, and blazing fires and heavy overcoats were very enjoyable. The day was largely celebrated by an adult class with "glass horns," for which the chilly atmosphere created an unusual demand, though there was little or no evidence of intemper-

ance on the streets nor in the public resorts. At the Exposition it was children's day, who were admitted at half price, and for whose delectation a large Christmas tree was prepared, stocked with a vast variety of gifts. In the evening there was fine music, and the buildings were brilliantly illuminated by electricity, and a great throng of delighted people, including the little people, took in the novel sights for the first time. The main building, devoted to private and general exhibits, covers a space of thirty-three acres, and elicits many exclamations of wonder from the numerous visitors. All the buildings are on a scale of like magnitude, the whole including about seventy-five acres under roof.

While many hundreds of exhibits are already up, possibly thousands, it may surprise your readers, as it did your correspondent, to learn that many hundreds are yet incomplete, and very many are yet to arrive; and this is not only true of private but also of government and State exhibits, and fully a month must elapse before the vast enterprise will be in complete running order, so that the intending visitor will lose nothing by postponing his coming for thirty days, but will be the gainer by doing so. In the meantime the grumbling and friction inevitable at the inauguration of all great events, prevails in this case. It would be a thankless, and perhaps a useless task to attempt to locate the cause or causes of so much conflict, friction and confusion. Much of it doubtless results from delay in forwarding exhibits; some from lack of rapid and plentiful transportation, and some from unavoidable mistakes in the management. But in a short time, your correspondent believes that all grounds of complaint will have disappeared, and the great Exposition will present a scene of peaceful and multi-form interest never before witnessed in the world's history, and that its results will surpass the wildest dreams of its projectors.

The opening took place as advertised Dec. 16th and was attended in the Music Hall of the main building, by a vast audience of nearly twenty-five thousand people, and in the presence of Cabinet officers, foreign representatives, hundreds of exhibitors, national, State and city officials, civic and military. But the real lion of the occasion was Major Burke, director general, the soul of the enterprise, who was received with the most tumultuous demonstrations of approval when he appeared, and, in a few eloquent words, turned over his great work to the president of the association, who in turn, addressing President Arthur, at Washington city, turned over the Exposition to the nation and to the world, who answered it in a congratulatory reply, and declared the Exposition open. All this was, of course, by telegraph, and was heartily cheered by the audience. Gov. McEnery read also a lengthy address; the mayor of the city made one of welcome, and amidst the booming of guns, the music of bands and clouds of flags and banners, the World's Exposition was finally begun.

A number of states have their exhibits in an incomplete condition, some are nearly ready, but your readers must await succeeding letters for notices of them, as it would do them injustice to apply either criticism or description to them at this early stage, and to which your correspondent intends to do full justice. The government display, when finished, will be the most complete and the most interesting ever attempted, and will be in itself a great study, both for the student and teacher, and for the ordinary observer. Every department of the public service, the army and navy, the interior, patent, state, educational, all will here be portrayed, together with a most wonderful array of ancient, prehistoric and historic objects of the greatest interest to all. To all of which such attention will be given as to leave little more to be asked for by your readers.

NEW FISH MARKET.

We would respectfully announce to the citizens of Arlington, and vicinity, that we have opened a new Fish Market in T. H. Russell's building where, by strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of your patronage. Respectfully,
W. H. WEBBER & SON.

Tax Collector's Notice.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the Town of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the years hereinafter specified, according to the list submitted to me as Collector of Taxes for said Town by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered by public sale at the Selectmen's Room, in the Town House, on MONDAY, January 13th, 1884, at three o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

CATHERINE BLADON.—About 7,800 square feet of land on Harvard street, being lot fourteen, Section A, Block one, on Whitman and Brock's Plan of Lands of Arlington Land Company, situated at Arlington Heights, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 21, page 1, and bounded westerly by Harvard street, northerly by lot fifteen in said block; easterly by lot four; southerly by lot thirteen. Tax for 1877, \$4.35; tax for 1878, \$3.89; tax for 1879, \$3.79; tax for 1880, \$5.74; tax for 1881, \$2.25; tax for 1882, \$1.25; tax for 1883, \$1.35; tax for 1884, \$1.15.

About 31,675 square feet of land, on Appleton street, being lots one and twenty-one, Section A, Block two, on Whitman and Brock's Plan of Lands of Arlington Land Company, situated at Arlington Heights, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 21, page 1, and bounded westerly by Appleton street; easterly by Harvard street and lot two in said block; southerly by lots two and twenty; westerly by Oakland Avenue. Tax for 1877, \$16.26; tax for 1878, \$9.45; tax for 1879, \$10.58; tax for 1880, \$10.40; tax for 1881, \$9.43; tax for 1882, \$9.50; tax for 1883, \$7.58; tax for 1884, \$4.54.

FOR 1885.

Chicago Weekly News

AND THE Arlington Advocate

BOTH FOR \$2.75 a year.

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Few papers in the country are so extensively quoted by the press in general for its bright and humorous paragraphs as the *Chicago Daily News*. These are all reproduced in the *WEEKLY NEWS*. In its editorial expression the paper speaks from the standpoint of the independent journalist, thereby escaping the temptation to support or condemn the questionable under the pressure of party allegiance. Mere partisan extremists will not like it; the fair minded and thoughtful of all parties will appreciate and value its candid statements of facts and conclusions, all calculated to qualify the reader for the formation of his own intelligent opinion. The political events of the year to come promise to assume such a character that a thoroughly truthful and impartial record becomes all-important rather than a partisan one, colored and perverted to individual liking.

In all its departments the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS aims to present an enterprising, impartial and entertaining family newspaper of the very highest grade.

WHAT OLD SUBSCRIBERS SAY

When they Renew their Subscriptions.
William Cannons, Pontiac, Oakland County, Mich., says: "I think it is the best paper in America."
J. A. Welch, Sullivan, O., says: "It is better than many of the \$2 papers."
James P. Malone, 23 St. Charles street, New Orleans, La., says: "In comparing your paper with others I receive, I must say yours, the *CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS*, is the best. I would sooner miss a meal than a number of the *NEWS*. It is the newspaper of the day. It is true to the name."
Alfred P. Foster, Woodhull, Henry County, Ill., says: "It is one of the cleanest papers published."
W. W. Rhodes, Adrian, Mich., says: "I don't want to miss a number. It is the best paper for news I have ever seen."
Peter Lansing, Estancia, Saunders County, Neb., says: "I like the *WEEKLY NEWS*. It is full of readable and valuable news, and although I am in receipt of nine weekly journals, I am constrained to adopt the *WEEKLY NEWS* as No. 10, because of its non-partisan attitude in politics, giving me the ungarbled truth concerning the actions of all political parties."
M. E. Davenport, Palmyra, N. Y., says: "It is the cheapest and best paper I ever read."
Mrs. L. Schonan, Hannibal, Mo., says: "I like your paper very much. I get six copies every week, but do not like them as well as the *WEEKLY NEWS*."
W. R. Law, Mansfield, Tex., says: "I am highly pleased with the *NEWS*, for I get politics presented in it in such a way that I get both sides of the question fairly set forth, which is utterly impossible to get in a strictly party journal of either side."

Its size and character considered, the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS is the cheapest weekly in America. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, postage included. Our special Clubbing Terms bring it within the reach of all our subscribers. Specimen copies may be seen at this office. Send Subscriptions to this office.

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ATTENTION! FLOUR! FLOUR! CASSIUS M. HALL, GROCER, Pleasant Street, ARLINGTON.

I take pleasure in announcing to the residents of Arlington, the arrival direct from the mill of a large invoice of the celebrated brand of

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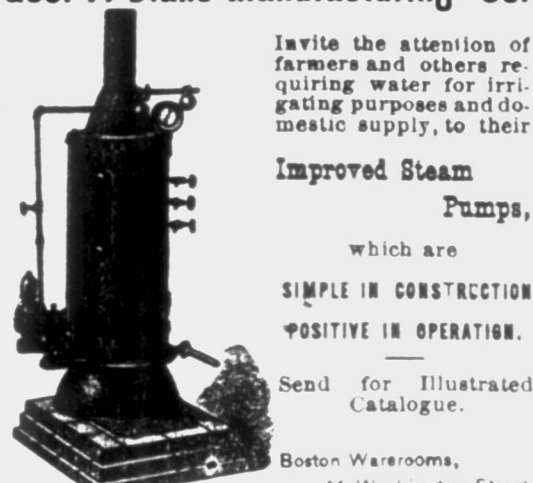
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PROGRESS IN SANITARY DRAINING;

E. C. Steblman, Edmund Gosse, and others will furnish literary essays; George W. Cable will contribute in the November a series of papers on sport and adventure will soon be published, and

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will write from time to time on outdoor subjects.

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